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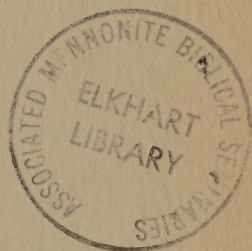
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The Representative Men
of the Bible by GEORGE
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merly Minister of the Parish of
St. Bernard's Edinburgh ❁ ❁ ❁

FROM ADAM TO JOB

FOURTH EDITION

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PREFACE

BY 'The Representative Men of the Bible' I mean the men of the Bible who represent phases of humanity irrespective of place and time; and I consider them only in those incidents in which they *are* thus representative. I offer this volume by way of experimental instalment. I have exhibited but a single row of figures. Should the volume meet with acceptance, I may exhibit a second row contemporaneous with the first; and ultimately, I should like to extend the line into the New Testament. It is this anticipation of future work that explains the omissions in this volume. You may say, Why has *Ishmael* been omitted from your chapter on Abraham, why have Aaron and Balaam been left out of your chapter on Moses? It is because I have desired to give these a place on their own account and have wished to avoid repetition. These studies are not historical, they are not critical; they are an analysis of the Portraits *as we see*

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them—without any attempt to inquire how or when they came. I have imagined myself in a studio, looking at the forms as delineated, and simply asking the question, What did the artist mean? Personally, I have no doubt as to the historical basis for the patriarchal life—not to speak of lives further down the stream. But I have been actuated in the meantime by the desire to find ground that is neutral to the two extremes—the Higher Criticism on the one hand and the Old Orthodoxy on the other. That common ground is the fact that the figures are now before us, and that, if there be a Revelation, it is through them, in the last result, that the Revelation must come. Here, for the present, hands may be joined, here, for the time, views may be united; and those who differ as to dates and origins can meet in the recognition of a spiritual beauty. I have sought to give the book a semi-devotional tone by closing each chapter with a short invocation or prayer.

G. M.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

IN a previous work I attempted a study of the Portrait of Christ, as delineated by the Four Evangelists. I propose to stand once more in the Great Gallery of the Jewish nation and to study for a while those other figures which have made the history of ancient Israel more familiar to the average man than the history of modern England. I would come to the new study as I came to the old. I would leave historical questions in the background. I would not ask what is proved, but what is painted. It matters not to me when the artist lived ; it matters not whether the Portrait has been attributed to the real hand ; it matters not even, to my present purpose, whether the events delineated on the canvas were reproduced from the actual life. The

point is that the Portraits are there, that they speak to us from a far past, and that their voice, which originally was local and national, has in the course of the years become cosmopolitan and universal. I want to ask, what do they say? When you hear a stir around you, caused by certain words that have escaped your ear, is not that the question you first ask? You do not inquire, who is the speaker? how is he dressed? where does he come from? You inquire, what has he *said* to raise such a commotion? So is it here. We seek the reason for a universal interest. That reason cannot lie in anything historical. It must lie in something which belongs to no special date, no particular town, no single land. To localise it is to weaken it. To associate it with a definite place and time is to lessen its interest for the race. The Biblical critic may insist on knowing the name of Jacob's wrestling angel; but the man in the Gallery is content with the message to the eye, content to see the picture and to receive the blessing.

I intend, then, to study these Portraits, not

as historical figures, but as art figures. We will enter into the Gallery and shut the door. We will allow no voices from the outside to distract us. We will bring with us no catalogue containing information regarding the artists. To us there will be but one artist—God Almighty. It is the pencil of *this* Artist that we will try to trace. We will endeavour to detect, not the evidence of local colouring, not the vestiges of a special culture, not the indications of a life that has passed away, but the element in them which is abiding, permanent, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. It is precisely where these Portraits desert the sphere of history that they are *great*. It is precisely where the environment of the man is dimly seen that the universal element in the Picture shines out most clearly and most resplendently. It is where I lose sight of the manner in which Enoch was translated, in other words, it is where his case ceases to be special, that his figure becomes to me a revelation; for it is then I appropriate his story as something possible for *me*. It is where I lose sight of

Elijah's chariot that Elijah's chariot brings a message to my soul, for it is then that I read in *his* experience a thing which can be reproduced in my own. A revelation from God is not a statement of what men *once* did; it is a statement of what men may always do. *There* lies the power of the Bible! It is not the revelation of something which was once revealed to a little band of worshippers; it is a revelation of how God *always* reveals. It is the special announcement of that which is *not* special—of the *universal* order of God's word and ways to man. It tells not how He spoke *once*, but how He speaks always. It is the proclamation that there is spiritual law in the natural world, and the enumeration of those eternal principles by which that law is enforced and maintained. The men of the Bible Gallery are photographed because they are *universal* men.

But now a question arises. Was Judah the best field for the selection of universal types? Conceding that the selection has been a success, would it not have been more success-

ful still if it had been made from some other sphere? I have often been struck with the observation attributed to the outside world by the writer of the Acts, 'Are not these men Galileans!' It was the early expression of a feeling which has survived to this day—the contempt for provincialism. Galilee was not the metropolis; it was a mere province. Being but a province, it seemed an unlikely sphere for the founding of a universal language. Christianity was attempting to initiate a common speech—a cosmopolitan medium of intercourse. Why try to inaugurate it in the provinces, where men proverbially resist a uniformity of standard; why not begin with Jerusalem, where people were more likely to think in companies! And what was said of the New Testament had been also said of the Old. What Galilee was to Judah, Judah was to the world—a province. It was outside the fashion of the great capitals. It was regarded as the abode of a peculiar people—a people who had not learned the conventions of society. Other empires moved in

masses; Judah was always a divided land. Other empires were subject to a single human will; Judah had ever her individual opinions, and wavered between her prophet, her priest, and her king. Other empires had extinguished private judgment, had enjoined conformity to a common standard; Judah had proclaimed to each separate man that he was personally responsible to the King of kings. Was not Judah, then, less favourable to permanence? Were not her types of mind likely to be more transitory, more evanescent, more perishable? Was not humanity more likely to be permanently revealed in stereotyped forms of fashion, than in the spontaneous outbursts of individual independence?

I answer, No; and in that answer, I have touched the secret of the Bible's appeal to all ages. The things which persist throughout the history of Man are not the characteristics of the race, but the traits of the individual. The element distinctive of any one race, however long and however extensively it is propagated, can never furnish a type of universal

humanity. The men in that race who are representative of the world will be precisely those who have broken over the traces, who have ventured to diverge from the spirit of their time. The men who represent humanity are just those who have stepped over their boundary line and dared to revert to the primitive type of Nature. Search the galleries of the world for an assemblage of representative men, you will find it, not in conformity of individuals to races, but at the point where the man diverges from his race—at the spot where he steps out from the environment of his birth and reveals himself in the attitude of climbing the wall.

The scene for such a selection, then, is always a Galilee—a place where conventionalism is broken. It is a mistake to think that Jesus chose the men of Galilee to show that the weak things of the world could confound the strong. That is not the principle of God's election to *any* work. When a Saul of Tarsus is chosen to represent humanity, it is not because he is weak, but because he is

strong—because he has already within him the promise and the potency of life. Even so were the men of Galilee elected. Their distance from the capital of the world was acceptable, not as a disadvantage, but as a qualification. Jesus was in search of *wild* flowers. He was seeking specimens of *unrestrained* humanity—of humanity uncurbed by conventionalism and unmutilated by artificiality. He was in quest of the spirit of childhood. Why does He place a child in the midst of the disciples? Why does He proclaim that such as *these* were to represent His kingdom? On account of their humility? No, but the opposite—on account of their greatness. It was because childhood reproduces from age to age that which is distinctive of *Man*—that which is neither Greek nor Egyptian nor Roman, but simply human. To the eye of Jesus the essential attributes of Man were the spontaneous instincts of the soul; and He found them in the child. That is why His eye rested first on Galilee. It was the home of luxuriant human nature.

Its men and women were overgrown children, displaying the primitive types of the heart, and therefore revealing that which is eternal in Man. To Him Galilee was the real capital, and all beside were only provinces; for the centre of humanity was to Him the heart of a child, and the key to all success was the spontaneous joy of youth.

In this sense *also* what Galilee was to Judah, Judah was to the world; it was a land of children. It was this that made it a land of promise. Childhood is distinctively the age that sees the *promised* land. It never looks back, even to an Eden; its watchword is 'to-morrow.' But childhood has another characteristic, and it is one more pertinent to the present study. It is the age of variety. I do not think there is any period of human life in which the attributes of Man are revealed in so many different forms. Old age exhibits a general uniformity; the shades of difference are tempered down as we reach the valley of life. *Manhood* exhibits a general uniformity; we strive to adopt the *fashion* of the day when

the day of life is in its meridian, and nothing would so distress us as to be told that we did not live as Rome lives. But childhood sings the Song of Existence to many variations. Childhood reveals human nature in its varieties. In other periods of existence the tune is played on a single instrument. But here it rings in a hundred different forms—from harp, violin, lute, clarion, trumpet, lyre. Here it is shown how unity can exist in diversity—how Man can be changeless amid the mutable, constant amid the flow. Here alone can we look for a representative gallery of universal men—a gallery that shall be more than local, more than national, more than the product of an age and clime—a gallery which shall enfold the one in the many, and include the many in the life of the one.

Now, in the ancient world, in the pre-Christian world, I know of only one such gallery—that which contains the Portraits of the Jewish nation. Nowhere else do we find a gallery representative of man as man. I

can find galleries representative of man as Greek, man as Roman, man as philosopher, man as soldier, man as slave—but not elsewhere man as man. And the reason is that no other gallery reaches the *varieties* of human nature. Variety belongs to the life of childhood, and that is precisely what the *secular* nations of the world have not thought worth painting. They have confined themselves to the age of manhood, and therefore they have entrammelled their pencil. They have been limited to one phase of humanity—often a temporary phase. Let us look into one or two of these galleries of the world popularly called heathen. They are all much larger than that of the Jew; but they are far more easy to scan. When you have seen one form, you have seen all; when you have studied one, you have studied all. You see in each collection but single attitudes of Man—the attitude of the nation which has framed it. Not any group standing alone, not all the groups joined together, would suffice to make the universal type of one human soul.

We enter the *Chinese* Gallery, and survey the portraits. What do we find? An enormous collection of figures—a collection representing a vast empire, but, for that very reason, *not* representing humanity. The empire which these pictures mirror has all through the ages maintained a single attitude—looking *back*. We often speak of the Chinese Empire as in a state of stagnancy; and no doubt the description is true. But it would be a great mistake to imagine that the stagnancy of the empire has resulted from its want of aspiration. It has never been without aspiration. It would not be too much to say that its unprogressiveness has *come* from its aspiration. There is an aspiration which *retards* progress. If a man is bent upon the worshipping of his ancestors, *that* is a state of aspiration; it is a longing to look back. And just for that reason it is a state of unprogressiveness; if our treasure is in the past, all the instincts of our nature bid us linger near it. Our impulse is, if possible, to retreat; if that is impossible, to stand still. That is the position of the Chinese Empire.

Her resistance to progress does not come from the *absence* of an ideal, but from the presence of an ideal. Her heart is in the past, and so her treasure is in the past. She has no impulse to press forward, because she has no motive to press forward. All her flowers have been left behind her. Her Paradise is a Garden of Eden—a garden at the *beginning* of things. The spectacle at which her eye kindles is not one of prospect but one of retrospect. She worships her ancestral dead. The Nebo on which she stands is not a spot from which she beholds a land of promise, but a spot from which she sees a land of memory. She *does* stand on a Nebo as firmly as ever Moses stood; but unfortunately she stands *longer* than Moses would have stood; she is standing there up to this day. And the reason is that she has no motive for descending. Canaan is not *before* her; it is behind her. Her vision bids her stay—stay near the primitive fountain, stay on the confines of a past world. The men in *this* gallery are all looking back; their eye is on the morning hills.

Let us pass to the Gallery of India, and here we find a new phase of Man. It is a phase equally one-sided, yet entirely different. Here again we see figures in a single attitude; but the attitude of India is not the attitude of China. If I might be allowed to describe the difference epigrammatically, I should say that, while the men of China are looking back, the men of India are looking upward. The Hindu figures have their faces turned toward the sun. Their eye rests neither on the past nor on the future. It cannot be said to rest even on the present. To the men of this gallery all time is a delusion. Everything which we call the real world is to them *unreal*; everything which we call unreal is to them reality. Those objects which engross the Western mind are disregarded by the eye of India. If this were a mere difference of *taste* there would be nothing strange in it. But it is not a difference of taste; it is a difference of judgment. The Englishman and the Hindu are *both* in search of a real world. They are both opposed to the sway of the imagination; they both seek

a world of prose as distinguished from a world of poetry. But the strange thing is that what the Englishman calls prose the Hindu calls poetry, what the Englishman calls poetry the Hindu calls prose. To the man of modern London, the prose of life, the reality of life, lies in the streets of the great city with their buying and selling and chaffering. To the man of ancient India, all such spectacles are scenes of fancy, of imagination, of poetic dreaming. To him the only prose realities are the things *not* seen, the things transcendental, the things above. Such a gallery could never enfold the world's representative men. It expresses only one attitude—an attitude elsewhere rarely found—the face upturned to the height, and the hand outstretched to grasp the mist upon the mountains.

Look next at the Gallery of Greece. It depicts a phase of humanity distinct from either China or India. Yet equally with them it depicts but one phase. If the Chinaman looks back, if the Indian looks upward, I should describe the Greek as looking on-a-level. He

aspires in everything to the *middle* course. He is 'moderate in all things.' The virtues he follows are the sober virtues—prudence, temperance, fortitude. He aims at the qualities that hold an even balance between extremes. He prefers friendship to love; it is the middle term between the heat and the coldness of the heart. He would rather be a citizen than the member of a nation, for the city is the middle point between the unit and the multitude. He neither creeps nor flies; he walks; his ideal is 'the golden mean.' But by this very fact the possibility of a universal gallery is excluded. Variety belongs to the spirit of the child just because the spirit of the child is *opposed* to the golden mean. Childhood has no half-measures; it is either on the hill or in the vale. The mind which has always moved on the plain will never represent united Man, even though it be the mind of a national hero. Plato was a greater man than David; but David is a more representative man than Plato. Take away Plato's works, and his figure is a shadow; take away

David's Psalms, as the critics do, and his form remains undimmed. Whence this difference? It is because the figure of Plato moves on the plain—that plain which favours philosophy but impairs biography, while the form of David passes from valley to height and so connects the extremes of universal Man.

There is one more gallery at which we may look; it is that of the Roman. Geographically speaking, it *is* a universal gallery; Rome claimed to be mistress of the world. Yet this gallery proves how little geographical distribution has to do with representation. Physically, Rome is the capital of the earth; mentally, she is only one of the provinces. She is as provincial as either China or India or Greece. She too presents only one side of Man, a single human attitude. It is a different attitude from all the foregoing ones. Let me again express myself epigrammatically. If the men in the Chinese Gallery are looking back, if the men in the Indian Gallery are looking upward, if the men in the Greek Gallery are looking on-a-level, I would say

that the men in the Roman Gallery are looking down. They are looking down at their own burden—not at the burden of others. They have not reached the stage which Goethe calls Man's reverence for things beneath him ; theirs is the gaze not of attraction but of repulsion. Lord Byron speaks of death as the doom Man 'dreads yet dwells upon.' Such is the Roman's attitude to the burdens of life. He loathes them, but for that very reason he cannot take his eyes from them. His whole life is a preparation to meet them. His education, his training, his discipline, is *designed* to meet them. He is taught to keep his eyes on the ground where his burden lies, knowing that one day he will have to lift it and bear it. For that hour of lifting and bearing he schools himself. He hardens his heart to impressions. He suppresses feeling. He restrains emotion. He cultivates coldness. He lops from his tree of life the branches which luxuriate. He curbs enthusiasm ; he moderates affection ; he clothes his mind in the mantle of the Stoic ; he practises the presence of calamity.

All these galleries reveal but the *accidental* features of Man. They are not galleries of human nature itself. They are in want of variety; and they are in want of variety because they are in want of the spirit of childhood. But I am now coming into a gallery which, smaller than all the others in extent, has yet embraced within its compass every side of the human soul; I mean the Gallery of the Land of Judah. Gathered within a narrow space, exhibited to a tiny number, unappreciated by most of those around them, the Portraits of this Gallery are none the less a miniature of Man. They are a delineation of the desires and intents of the heart throughout the wide world. They are no local mirror, no reflection of a special place or time. They exhibit not the national but the universal. We forget that the men were Jews. We forget their vicinity to Mount Zion and the Jordan and the Temple. We forget even their environment by Asia. We find that they have kept pace with Europe. Our shifting western scenery

has not made them an anachronism. They are abreast of our varieties. They reveal human nature not only in its eternal sameness but in its eternal variations. And why? Because they are all portraits of youth—the age of spontaneity. Is not this the very ground of national greatness assigned by one of Israel's poets? Speaking of the Messiah's glory he says, 'Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power; from the womb of the morning Thou hast the dew of Thy youth'—the refreshing influence of Thy young men. What does he mean but this: 'That which makes this people a representative people is its spontaneity—its willingness, and that which makes it spontaneous is the everlastingness of its spirit of youth. The men of Israel are as fresh as morning dew because they have a child's heart in them. They are a nation of young men—men of the morning. Obedience has not made them slaves; service has not robbed them of their elastic spring; the burden and heat of life's day has not caused them to wax old.'

LEAD me through the Great Gallery, O Lord! On the threshold I wait for *Thee*! Who shall interpret the Gallery *like* Thee! Thou who hast the gift of Eternal Life canst explain to me how Youth could do so much for Man. I ask the powers of Nature why these men are still alive; they cannot tell. But Thou canst, for their secret is Thy secret. Thou Life Eternal, Thou Spirit of Immortal Youth, in Thy light would I tread this Gallery, by Thy light would I read these Portraits. Go Thou on before me, and I will follow Thee; in Thy light shall I see light. Lead me from face to face, lead me from form to form! Interpret for me the features! Explain to me the attitudes! Show me the shades of expression; reveal to me the colours of the soul! Inspire me to perceive the subtle beauties that are hid from the common eye! Help me to see why the universal man, the Man Christ Jesus, came not from China, not from India, not from Greece, not from Rome, but from Judah! Show me how He was indebted to no foreign soil! Teach me how He wreathed into one

garland the dispersed flowers of Israel, and how all their blossoms are reproduced in Him ! Then shall I know the artistic plan. Then shall I see whither the Portraits are tending ; and the secret of their endurance will appear when I know them to be tints of the Life Eternal.

CHAPTER II

ADAM THE CHILD

I HAVE said that the characteristic of the Jewish Portraits is their derivation from the period of youth. Unlike any other national gallery, the Gallery of Judah has painted her sons by the light of morning. The traits it has selected are the qualities which other nations deem *not* great—the qualities which mark the *early* hours. And this chord is struck at the very beginning. The Portrait on the threshold of the Gallery is that of a child. It has the physical height of a man, but its mental attitude is that of a child. It is a figure representative of all childhood—always, everywhere. It is professedly the first figure not only of the Hebrew race but of the race of Humanity; yet from one point of view it is perhaps the least primitive of all forms. We

often speak of the story of Adam as a very childish narrative. So it is; but why? Because it is a description of childhood itself. Childhood is a permanent element in the human race—as naïve and artless to-day as it was in the world's dawn. The man who painted Adam *knew* he was painting a child; the simple question is, has he painted a representative child—a child that will stand either for Eden or for London? Has he succeeded in photographing that artlessness of thought, that naïveté of expression, that simplicity of action, which belong to the child normal, the child universal? Has he avoided the mistake of forgetting this artlessness, of ignoring this simplicity? Has he eliminated from life's dawn all ideas which pertain only to the afternoon? Is his Picture, in short, childlike enough to be universal?

Do not imagine the delineation of a child's portrait is an easy thing. It is precisely the work in which most galleries have failed. There have been two extremes to which the human artist has been prone; he has either

made too little of the child or he has made too much. The Old Pagan world erred on the first side. It underrated the importance of childhood as a subject for the gallery. To that old world the early years of life were no part of history. They were something to get *through*, something to surmount, something to outgrow. That the nursery was the making of the *man* did not enter into Pagan calculation. That the most important stage of education is that preceding the reign of the actual schoolmaster was an idea as yet beneath the sea. The disciples of Christ murmured at a child being put in the *middle* of their ring; but the disciples of a Pagan sage would have murmured if a child had been put in their ring at all. To them a child was the antithesis of wisdom, the opposite of philosophy. He was too sensuous for the Platonist, too weak for the Roman, too tiny a thing for the nations that moved in masses. It was only a *corner* of the gallery that the world we call heathen would assign to the figure of the child.

But if ancient Paganism spoiled the portrait of childhood by *under-colouring*, Mediæval Christianity fell into the opposite extreme—it coloured too much. It put into its picture of ideal childhood more than belonged to it. Take its earlier portraits of the Babe of Bethlehem. What is their defect? It is just their transference to a child of the attributes of a man. The artist of that day, the historian of that day, thought he was *magnifying* the childhood of Jesus by making it miraculous. He surrounded His head with a nimbus. He encircled His cradle with prodigies. He imprinted on His face what was meant to be an expression of glory, but what was really an expression of unnaturalness. He put a sagacious look in the eyes, a far-seeing thoughtfulness in the countenance. He stamped upon every feature the impress of a heavenly wisdom which, if it could only speak, would say wonderful things. It was a delineation intended to honour the childhood of Christ; in reality, it detracted from the swaddling bands of Bethlehem. It was a conception neither æsthetic

in art nor reverent in theology. It destroyed that very ideal which it was meant to nourish. It killed the child by letting in the man. It sacrificed the cradle by placing within it, not a babe, but a savant.

I have alluded to these errors with the view of showing that the task undertaken by the writer in Genesis was by no means an easy thing. We speak with much patronage of the simplicity of the culture implied in his narrative. My formula would rather be that the comparative *maturity* of his culture is shown by the simplicity of the portrayal. He has done what neither the Ancient Pagan world nor the Mediæval Christian world succeeded in doing. He has painted a child—a real child, a type of all childhood. He has given us an absolute and accurate description of the simplicity of a child's thought, of the crudeness of a child's ideas, of the sequence of a child's conceptions. Do you think he could have done this if he himself had not been already standing on the *hill*? Do you imagine that it is in the valley we *see* the valley? No, it is from the

mountain. A simple mind cannot describe simplicity. It can no more describe simplicity than a born-blind man can describe darkness or a deaf-mute delineate the effects of silence. No man can see his lower self except by the light of his new morning. The man who declares that his righteousness is as filthy rags is the man who is already clothed in the best robe of his Father's house; for it is by the perfection of the new garment that he learns the dilapidation of the old. He who can paint a genuine child must himself have far ascended the slope of manhood.

This artist, then, has no prentice hand; his is the touch of a master. Nowhere is the touch so masterly as where the record seems most childish, for that is precisely the aspect in which his Picture is most true to the subject. There is a great difference between a primitive picture and a picture of the primitive. The former will be foolish but not childlike; the latter will be childlike but not foolish. This Portrait of the child Adam is the latter. You ask if it is historical. I answer, It has been

again and again historical ; it has been repeated in your history and in mine. This child is not dead ; it lives in the experience of every human soul. It can be verified by the testimony of consciousness. Every step of this Garden Story is your story. The child Adam is your looking-glass—the mirror of your yesterday. Come and look into the glass ; come and survey the mirror ! You will read there your own biography. It will be a record of childhood no doubt, and, if you will, a childish record ; but it will not be the less modern, not the less cosmopolitan, on that account. The record of childhood is never an anachronism. Let it be only sufficiently childlike, only sufficiently simple, and it will always be abreast of every age. The Garden scene has never become obsolete. It is not superannuated by the flight of years, not antiquated by the change of customs, not eclipsed by the growth of later things. And the reason is that it is planted in that field of humanity whose products neither grow nor decline—that field of childhood whose fruits spring up spontaneously

and abide for ever the same. Let us describe the portrait of this typical child.

Not as an absolute beginning does the child Adam burst upon our view. We are accustomed to figure him so. We think of him as coming into the world with no experience, as bringing upon the scene a mind absolutely vacant and waiting for nature to give it a character. Not thus does the great artist depict this child. He leads upon the stage of time no *vacant* soul, no empty life. He brings a child, but not a child without experience. Adam begins the world with capital. He is the first of his race, yet there is in him a long stream of heredity. Nay, there are two long streams of heredity. The child Adam comes into this world with two worlds already in his breast. He enters life with a double bias—a bias from earth and a bias from heaven. Two elements are in him—not necessarily diverse, but different and capable of conflict—the dust of the ground and the breath of the Father. He does not get his character from the Garden; he gives his character *to* the

Garden. He clothes the grounds of Eden in his own attributes—dust and divinity. He looks at the trees and says, ‘They are good for food, and they are pleasant to the eyes.’ *There* spoke *both* sides of his heredity—his parentage from the earth and his parentage from the breath of God. The one was the cry of the outer man; the other was a voice of the spirit. The one welcomed the Garden as a means of sustenance; the other hailed it as a source of beauty. The one claimed bread, the means of livelihood, the support of the physical life; the other expressed its conviction that Man could not live by bread alone. ‘Good for food,’ ‘pleasant to the eyes’—it was the marriage in one mind, in a child’s mind, of the lower and the higher. It was the wedding of the Philistine and the Greek, the union of prose and poetry, the bridal morn of two instincts which few nations have united—the pursuit of utilitarian ends, and the repose in æsthetic pleasures.

Now, why do I say that this is a representative picture? Because in the dawning con-

sciousness of your own infant you will find exactly the same mixture of dust and divinity. There are two objects which almost simultaneously attract that dawning consciousness—the thing which nourishes and the thing which shines. The child cries for food; it is the voice of the body, the call of the outer life—and it breathes a prayer which is common to the animal and the man. But there is another hunger which has a place in the breast of the infant and which in the man is destined to acquire a quite special significance; it is the hunger of the eye. Pass a shining object before the sight of infancy, and the little hand will be outstretched to grasp it. The impulse which dictates that movement cannot be from the dust—not even though it be shared by the eye of many a feathered songster. Place it where you will, it is the germ of the love of beauty, and, as such, it is *above* the dust. Wherever it is found, it is the breath of the Father. And it is found in the infant. On the very threshold of human existence there is a gate called Beautiful side by side with a gate

unadorned. The unadorned gate and the beautiful gate both open together. The one leads to the plain; the other conducts to the mountain. Seen from each, the Tree of Life looks different. From the gate of the plain I see its fruits; from the gate of the mountain I behold its blossoms. The one gives the view of its uses; the other gives a sight of what merchants cannot buy. Young Adam ever beholds both.

But look again at the development of your child, and you will see how cosmopolitan is this biography of the primeval Adam. I have said that the typical child begins with the search for that which nourishes and the search for that which shines. But there comes a phase later than either—the search for that which magnifies. If the child begins with the hunger of the mouth and the hunger of the eye, it passes by and by into a third form of appetite—the hunger of the hand. The love of possession comes. Adam looks at the tree and cries, ‘If I could get up there, I should be as high as God.’ There has come to him a new instinct—the instinct of ownership. He wants

to have the sense of being the proprietor of the Garden, the joy of being able to say, 'It is mine.' Any other book than the Bible would have made the primal man crouch in abject terror before the new-found majesty of Nature. But with the Bible the primal man is a child—and children are not timid. The characteristic of a child is the wish for mastery, the desire for superiority. All imitation comes from it, and imitation is the earliest step of human development. Why does a child imitate his playfellow? It is because he sees on the Tree of Life a bit of fruit which he himself has not got, an experience which he has not appropriated. It is a grand stroke in the painter of the first man that at any cost he feels bound to make him an imitator. When he has painted him as the occupant of a solitary garden where there is none but himself and God Almighty, he boldly makes him take the Almighty as his model, and expresses the child's inveterate love of possession by causing him to look at the topmost branch and say, 'If I reach that, I shall be like God.'

Let us pursue the development. We have seen three phases of the child Adam—phases reproduced from Paradise to Paris, from Eden to England—the sense of want, the sense of beauty, and the sense of possession. As yet there is a phase which we have *not* seen—the sense of sin. The reason I take to be that possession must precede transgression. What is transgression? It literally means the stepping over into another's ground. I cannot do that until I have reached the idea of a boundary—of a disputed boundary. Very finely, to my mind, is this thought sketched by the great artist in Genesis. The child Adam has stretched his hand towards the trees of the Garden and said, 'They are mine.' Through the cool air a voice comes, 'They are not *all* yours; it is a divided ownership.' With that voice came the first possibility of actual transgression—of stepping into another's field. That other was here the Creator; there was no rival *child* to say, 'This part belongs to me;' therefore the Almighty said it. The first thing prohibited was trespassing on the *Divine* field—for the

simple reason that there was no rival human field. The earliest moral appeal was an appeal to human justice—that is the grand feature of the Picture. It is an appeal to the child to be just to his Creator. No artistic conception was ever more original. It is not a demand for reverence, a demand for homage, a demand for sacrifice; it is a demand for bare justice. ‘We parted this field between us, you and I; let us keep to our contract! I gave you one side of the Garden; I retained the other. You had the Tree of Life; I had the Tree of Knowledge. Why should you break over the prescribed limits! Is it not enough to have dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air and the cattle of the meadow; why should you claim an empire in the realm of the unseen!’

I have emphasised this point because I think it is the one point where the Picture has been misunderstood. The common view is that the artist is describing a case of mere disobedience. I do not think that is the deepest idea of the Picture. I hold that the primitive narration

has attached itself, not to the portrayal of obedience, but to the portrayal of justice. It is not a question of resistance to Divine authority; it is a question of interference with Divine possession. God, for the moment, has, in the view of the artist, ceased to be a sovereign; He has become the co-partner in an estate by reason of His own contract. He has divided His inheritance with the child Adam; He has apportioned the limits within which each shall rule. But the child Adam is restive under the contract. He would fain be *uncontracted*, he would fain be free. He is offended by the *limit* to his sway. He objects to a partition wall between the two rows of trees. He is bent on trespassing, on claiming the whole Garden for himself. The law which he seeks to violate is not a law of authority; it is a law of justice, of equity, of the relation of *meum* and *tuum*. That is, in my view, the meaning of this old Picture. Milton has told us that the secret of Paradise lost was 'Man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree.' I do not think that is the secret

which the painter had in his mind. To him the central thought was not the violation of authority, but the violation of justice. It is not the dependant forgetting the respect to his master ; it is the partner ignoring his contract, the associate breaking his bond, the sharer of dual rights attempting to encroach upon the rights of the other.

Now, I appeal to you who have studied the life of the nursery, if this is not the real beginning of the moral training of every child. You cannot teach your child morality by teaching it obedience. Obedience is in itself neither good nor bad—may be *either* good or bad ; it depends upon whom we obey. Nor is the quality which you desire for your child that of absolute obedience. There is not a mother in the land who does not long for the day when the actions of her child shall cease to be dictated by her own will. The dearest moment to the heart of a parent is the moment of a child's spontaneity—the day when it anticipates the ordinary command and does the deed of its own accord. What

is the joy of that moment to the parental heart? It is the recognition that the reign of absolute obedience is past and that the reign of volition has begun. It is the perception that the child has ceased to be a subordinate and has become an equal—animated by the same motive, inspired by the same will. I have been greatly struck by the traces of this parental instinct even in the *earliest* delineation. When I am told that ‘the Lord God brought every beast of the field to Adam to see what he would call them,’ what does that mean? What else than this, that obedience is not enough for the heart of a father! Why does not the artist paint the Divine Father as *dictating* to the child the names of the creatures? Because he knows human nature, Divine nature, better than that. He knows that the sweetest music to any parent is the voice of the child’s co-operation, and that the summer of a father’s love is perfected in the hour when the relation of authority is superseded by the sympathy of communion.

Obedience, then, is not the beginning of a child's morality. What *is* the beginning? I say it is justice, the inculcation of fairplay. Whether in the garden or in the playground, it is the primary moral lesson of youth. The difference between his and yours is the first thing which your child should know. Let him see the limits of his own Eden. Put him in a garden where there is a divided possession. Tell him to make an impartial division of the trees. Insist that he shall share the fruits with his playmate or brother. Impress him with the injustice of trespassing, transgressing, overstepping his own property. Never prohibit for the sake of prohibition. If you want to forbid the use of any tree, let it be for the reason that the tree belongs to another. Prohibition in itself is not helpful to the child any more than the maiming of a wing is helpful to the bird. But justice *is* helpful. Justice is *worth* the maiming of a wing. Justice *sanctifies* prohibition. To teach your child justice, the shutting of one door upon its liberty is a small price to pay. The

forbidden fruit becomes then the fruit of *knowledge*.

This is my philosophy of the Garden of Eden, and I am convinced it was the philosophy of the artist. The temptation of young Adam is the temptation to his justice; the fall of young Adam is his fall from the *height* of justice. With the theology that has circled round the Picture I have here no concern. I will only say that a fall from the height of justice is the most contagious fall which can be conceived. If the sin of the first man lay in the breach of a contract which he believed to be binding, I can understand why the spirit of his deed should have been propagated from age to age. I cannot understand why an act of *disobedience* should have been propagated, for the simple reason that it *is* an act. Deeds, as such, are not transmittable; my blood *alone* can flow into the heart of my descendants. The emotions of the hour are not transmittable; they would require to be transmitted for many hours through many generations. But injustice is not a deed, not

an emotion ; it is a full-fledged spirit. It is as full-fledged after a single deed as after years of unrighteousness. An act of injustice is never the beginning of a process ; it is always a culmination, an acme, a climax. An act of disobedience *is* a beginning, a first step. But an act of injustice only comes when the spirit of injustice is full grown. It presupposes a long train of dishonest thoughts. The most dangerous looks which Adam cast on the coveted tree were not the looks of the eye ; they were the glances of the heart. Our coveted trees are never so tempting as when they are seen in imagination ; it is there the fruit looks luscious, it is there the branches seem splendid. The actual climbing of this tree was to young Adam a moral bagatelle. He had been up, in fancy, a hundred times. He had robbed the orchard where the law could not reach him — in his heart. The serpent which tempted him was *within* ; he had yielded before he *touched* the tree. His real fall was dishonesty of *thought*. The moment he considered the

chances of detection, he had already fallen ill—ill with a thoroughly contagious disease, with a malady full-grown. This child, like every after child, has his tragedy inside, his dramatic personages inside, his dialogues inside. I do not think the tragedy would be less complete if the outward deed had been omitted; for the final act of injustice, in the sight of heaven, is ever consummated in the region of the soul.

L ORD, let me not forget *Thy* share in life's garden! Let me remember to make all its fruits 'fruits of the spirit'! Let me not ask only if the tree is good for food, or pleasant to the eyes, or a source of human dignity; let me inquire also if it can minister to Love! If I forget that, I am not just to *Thee*; I am stealing *Thy* part of the fruit. Thou hast not denied to me the *human* side of the garden. Thou hast allowed me to seek the food; Thou hast permitted me to see the beauty; Thou hast authorised me to feel the

dignity. But is there to be no share for *Thee*—for Love! Am I never to ask how this fruit shall pass from my hand into another hand! Am I never to ponder how I shall send it down the ages! Am I never to inquire whether it can gladden parched lips or cheer the couch of an invalid! If not, I am stealing the fruit from *Thee*. I say the tree is pleasant to my sight; it is well; Thou wouldst not have it otherwise. But am I never to consider the lane and alley! Am I never to ask whether the green leaf can be brought to weary eyes, to hearts that are strangers to the leisure hour! If not, I am stealing the leaf from *Thee*, robbing the orchard on the side of Love. Make me just to *Thy* vineyard, O Lord! Shall all my prayers be for Eshcol! Shall I have no palms for Elim! Shall I have no tree for the waters of Marah! Shall I have no manna for my brother's desert! Shall I have no leaves whose mission is the healing of the nations! Then Eden *itself* to me will be Paradise lost.

CHAPTER III

ABEL THE UNDEVELOPED

THE second figure in the group of the Great Gallery is Abel. One of the spectators in that Gallery, the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, has distinctly declared him to have been among the world's representative men. 'By faith he being dead yet speaketh.' The idea is clearly that of timelessness. It is suggested that the man has not become an anachronism, that at the time when this spectator lived his voice was quite a modern voice. It had not become superannuated. He had personified something which did not pertain to any special age, something which was cosmopolitan and therefore everlasting. Other things had 'waxed old' and were 'ready to vanish away.' Much in the past was but a 'shadow,' and had shared the evanescence of a

shadow. But the Portrait of this man revealed a quality which was vital to humanity, whether Jewish or Pagan or Christian. It had revealed something which belonged, not to any particular form of worship, but to worship itself—to the religious instinct in all its forms of life and in all its stages of progress. By that cosmopolitan quality Abel was kept alive—alive amid the changing environment, alive amid the traces of the dead; he has a present voice, he yet speaketh.

What *is* this quality of which Abel is the inaugurator, and by whose inauguration he lives? The spectator I have quoted says it is 'faith,' and he defines faith to be 'the evidence of things not seen.' It is belief which is in advance of experience. To say that a man 'died in faith' is, with the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, equivalent to saying that the man's experience was arrested before it reached its full development.¹ When Abel

¹ Though the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews applies the phrase to the whole Gallery, Abel's early death is evidently to him a case of *special* immaturity.

is called the first man of faith, it is implied that he died too soon for realisation, that he did not live to see the fulfilment of his plans, that his sun went down while it was yet noon. Abel, in short, is the type of the undeveloped. If the figure of Adam represents the child, the figure of Abel represents the man arrested in his youth. He stands for the life interrupted, the life cut short. He is the unfinished building, the incomplete work, the fragment of an unrealised whole. We feel, in looking at him, what we feel in reading the beginning of a book which its author has not lived to finish—a sense of what might have been, of possible work not done. His very name expresses the thought of evanescence; it signifies ‘breath,’ ‘vapour,’ ‘vanity.’ He has come down to us as the type of the unsurviving class, of the unfit class, of the invalid class. He is the forerunner of those who physically are driven to the wall.

The startling thing is that the Bible should have put such a form on its canvas. No other gallery would have done that. On every

other canvas the forms inscribed are the forms of the physical survivor. Here the type selected is that of the class outstripped in the outward race. And the most remarkable thing is that the Bible Gallery has made this choice not unconsciously, but deliberately. Abel's is not an accidental portrait; it is the result of a preference. He gets a more prominent place in the Gallery than his elder brother. For he *has* an elder brother, a brother who, in addition to his seniority, is in every respect more suited to his age. If Abel is physically weak, Cain is physically strong. If Abel seems behind in his earthly work, Cain appears to be in advance with his. 'I have gotten a man from the Lord,' cries his mother while yet he was a child. From the world's point of view Cain was a precocious child, suggesting that the man had already begun. As his form stands before us we feel that he is exactly the man who in his own day was fitted to win. And in his own day he does win. Abel has no chance with him. He monopolises by main force. He utilises for

his own advantage all the gifts of life. He builds a city. He founds a dynasty. He inaugurates a civilisation. He becomes the progenitor of those who forge weapons of war. His name is caught up by the earliest poetry ; his deeds are sung to the primitive music. He belongs to the world's physical side, and therefore he is distinctively the prominent man of his time.

Yet he is not the prominent man in the Gallery. The artist of later days has hung his Portrait high. The place he had among his contemporaries is refused him by the Great Academy ; it is assigned to his unobtrusive brother. In the light of posterity Abel is the commanding figure. It is the lowest hung of the two Portraits. And it is so for the reason that it is deemed more modern than that of Cain, 'He being dead yet speaketh.' From an earthly point of view, his life was short, his work interrupted, his mission a failure. From the Divine side, his life was long, his work continuous, his mission a grand success. He is the representative of all the great who die

young. The Picture is meant to declare that no really great work is ever interrupted. The voice of Abel's blood is described as crying from the ground. It is a fine picture of the permanence of his work. Dead, buried, forgotten by his contemporaries, this man is declared to be speaking from beneath the very soil that had covered him! His life-work, seemingly arrested, is going on underground! As by an unconscious cerebration, it is influencing the years! Unseen, unnoted, unreckoned with amid the factors of human progress, it is exerting a force whose silence is equalled by its strength and which is destined one day to flash before the eyes of men!

And indeed it has been so. This underground voice of Abel has been the germ not only of the Hebrew nation, but of the deepest life of humanity. What is that work which peculiarly marks the Jewish nation? It is the elaboration of a system of sacrifice. That system *seemed* to spring spontaneously from the dust. But *did* it? Was the sacrificial life of Israel indeed a sudden thing, a thing unpre-

pared for in the history of the past? No, says the Great Gallery, it had its root in the life of an individual man, a man little known in his day and little seen by his generation, yet sowing below the soil seed that refused to die. His voice was drowned during life; but he spoke after death. He was early compelled to rest from his labours; but his works followed him. His memory completed what he himself had left unfinished. His influence worked underground. His image, cherished at first by only a few hearts, moulded these hearts and spread beyond them. His example created imitators. The leaven permeated the mass. The ideal he had left behind kindled a spark. It first scintillated, then shone, then blazed. It became a candle with Abraham, a lamp with Moses, a fire with the prophets of Judah, until at last it burst into a conflagration on the summit of the Hill of Calvary.

Such I conceive to be the place given to Abel in the Great Gallery. It is the place of a germ-cell—the germ-cell of that particular spirit of sacrifice which, originally peculiar to

the Jewish nation, has ultimately given its law to man as man. Come, then, and let us look at this germ-cell—this thing by which the dead Abel yet speaketh. Let us stand before the Picture and study its simple features; their simplicity may give us light. There are some who profess to read human history by the hand; I will try to read *this* history by the Picture. By the aid of imagination I will endeavour to weave together those threads of the narrative which are presented loose and scattered. Imagination contributes to reality if it can supply the missing links in fact. My object is to detect, if possible, the meaning which the artist had in view. The rough sketch meant more to him than it does to us. If we can disentangle that meaning, we shall have reached the secret of that idea which has made Abel's Portrait the picture of a representative man.

I have said that the Portrait of the primeval Adam reveals a mixture of dust and divinity. Here the dust and the divinity again meet us, but they are no longer combined in a single

life; they reappear in the two contrasted lives—Cain and Abel. Cain is a child of the dust; Abel is a product of the Divine breath. Cain views the field as a source of food; Abel contemplates it as pleasant to the eyes. Nor alone does the contrast lie in secular things; it distinguishes the religion of the men. Both the brothers are religious, so far as the form of worship is concerned. Both offer a sacrifice to the Lord; both offer an appropriate sacrifice. Each gives the fruit of his own profession. Abel is a shepherd; it is right that his offering should be from the fold. Cain is an agriculturalist; it is well that his gift should be from the soil. *This* side of the contrast is only proper; it grows out of their respective callings. The difference between the dust and the divinity does not lie in the diversity of these men's gifts, but in the diversity of their spirit. The eye of an outward observer could have detected no difference in quality. The writer to the Hebrews says so. He says it was 'by faith' that Abel offered a better sacrifice than Cain. What he means is that

it was faith that made the betterness. The comparison was not between gift and gift; it was between soul and soul. It was not grounded on the relative value of the animal and the vegetable; it was based on the fact that the human was better than either—that the surrender of a man's life to God is a more acceptable service than all the produce of the fields or all the cattle of the meadows. The whole point of the narrative lies in the superiority of a *human* offering. Let me try to reproduce what I conceive the thought of the artist to have been in depicting the attitude of these two brothers.

I figure Abel going into the field and thus with himself communing: 'This is indeed a beautiful world! I have heard in my childhood that the footsteps of the Lord God used to be audible in the cool of the day. I do not wonder they were; I only wonder they are not heard still. I am sure the Lord God is walking still; I have faith enough in Him to believe *that*. Why, then, do I not hear Him? The fault must be in *me*. My ear must have become

dull to the heavenly movement by listening too much for the sounds of earth. Is it not that I have been growing too selfish? My flocks have been increasing, and so has my joy of possession. I have been so busy in counting the number of my sheep that I have not heard the sweep of my Father's garment passing by. This ought not to be. If I were to sacrifice something of this selfish life, I wonder if the sound of the footsteps would come back. If I were to select a portion of this treasured wealth of mine and offer it as a gift to God, would there not be a chance that I should hear once more the music which long ago was wont to haunt the dell! I will try. I will attempt to atone to the Lord God for this selfish life. I will sacrifice to Him the best part of my worldly gains. I will remove from my sight, from my hearing, that which curtains eye and ear from Him; and when the door of my heart is opened, it may be that He will reveal the presence which I know is there.'

Cain also goes out into the field; and think-

ing of his crops, with himself he thus discourses: 'How dependent we all are on wind and weather! It would be a pity if anything happened to spoil the harvest! Would it not be well that I should try to propitiate the great Power that rules the elements! I have heard that to gain God's favour is to gain the world. I have been told that when God was acknowledged as the planter of the trees, man was made wonderfully happy—that he was placed in a Paradise of fruits and flowers, where rivers clear as crystal traversed lands rich with gold. Was not the prize worth the homage! Would it not repay me to make an offering to the Lord of some produce of my soil! It would be a sacrifice to-day, but it would bring gain to-morrow. It would not only avert calamity, but increase my store. It is a highly profitable thing to save one's soul if thereby he gain the world. I will not murmur to yield this oblation to the Lord God, for I shall get it back, in interest, tenfold.'

The offerings are made, and each brother

retires to his home. Time passes; and by and by there happens a strange thing. These brothers meet with opposite destinies. Abel has a splendid year; his flocks are multiplied, his cattle are on a thousand hills. Of course this is not an answer to his sacrifice, nor does he take it as such. He has received the only answer he wanted—an increased sense of God's presence. Yet to the eye of *Cain* it looks as if his brother had been answered by material prosperity. And what about Cain himself? He has experienced another fate than that of Abel. For him the wheel of fortune has turned the opposite way. The winds of Nature have been adverse; great rains have blighted the produce of the fields; fierce storms have swept the horizon; floods have accompanied the time of ingathering; disease has laid its hand upon the crops; the harvest has been a miserable failure. Cain is filled with indignation. His is the anger of a man defrauded. Had he not invested his money in a bank that promised good interest! Had he not presented a gift to the Lord God with a view to achieving

worldly success! Was this fair treatment from the Lord God! Was he to get no equivalent for his sacrifice! Had he not given up the best fruits of his last year's harvest! Would a man do that for nothing! If he served God, was he not entitled to a service *from* God! Was it right that a man who had been so liberal with his means should be rewarded with blight and mildew! Did he not well to be angry!

The artist, in Genesis, declares that Cain was under an error of judgment. Have you ever considered the fine expostulation which he puts into the mouth of the Lord God, 'Why art thou wrathful, and why is thy countenance fallen; if thou doest well, shall thy countenance not be *uplifted*!' What is the meaning of these words? I understand them to mean this: 'Cain, you are mistaking the terms of your own investment. You expected to receive interest for your sacrifice. You were right; true sacrifice always brings its interest. But what *is* the interest of true sacrifice? Is it houses and servants and lands;

is it flocks and herds; is it fruits and trees? No; it is the uplifting of the countenance. There is only one sign of the acceptance of a sacrifice; it is the inward joy of the offerer. Not the clearing of clouds from the sky—even though they *be* cleared—is the mark of My favour; not the presence of clouds in the sky—even though they *be* present—is the mark of My distance. The test of My nearness to your brother is not the riches of his pastures; the test of my absence from you is not the scantiness of your crops. The interest to be reaped from sacrifice is not the bright sky, but the bright face; if your countenance is fallen, you may be sure that at the door of your sacrifice there is lurking some secret sin.'

But the narrative says this reasoning is *beyond* Cain. To him the aggravation is not so much his failure as the fact that he has failed where his brother has succeeded. As the firstborn, he can brook no such superiority. How deep is this picture of envy! Could any *tyro* have painted it! Think of the bold paradox of making the first scene of inhumanity

arise in the sphere of religion ! Think of the mental acumen implied in the discernment that envy is not so much your wish to get a thing as the wish that *I* should *not* get it ! Very striking seems to me this latter point. Cain has positively nothing to gain by the suppression of Abel. What would the shepherd's life be to *him* ! His line of livelihood lay in another direction. The wealth of Abel would have been useless in his hands. It was no object of *his* ambition to lead the sheep by the green pastures and beside the still waters. What riles him in the sight of his brother's wealth is not the possession, but the prestige. There lies the sharp distinction between envy and covetousness. Covetousness is for things; envy is for persons. Covetousness is the wish to possess; envy is the wish to *dispossess*. Covetousness is your desire to win; envy is your desire that *I* should *lose*. Cain has begun with covetousness; he has developed into envy. His sacrifice has been prompted by avarice; his aversion to his brother has not. He has passed from the *mark* of the beast to the

number of the beast. The mark of the beast is the indulgence of self; the number of the beast is the exclusion of others—it is Number One. The sin of the Garden has become procreative. Adam had been content to say, 'All these things shall be mine'; Cain has reached the darker thought, 'They shall at least not be my brother's.'

And now comes the final scene of the Picture. We have seen Abel alone in the field; we have seen Cain alone in the field; we now see both in the field—they 'talk together.' What do they talk about? I can imagine; and I think my imagination expresses the thought in the mind of the artist. I conceive the following dialogue. Cain says, 'You shall make no more offerings to the Lord God; I am the eldest born, and to me belongs the right to sacrifice.' Abel answers, 'I dare not concede the privilege of personal approach to God.' 'A privilege for you *indeed*,' sneers Cain; 'it has added to your sheepfold!' 'Nay,' answers Abel, 'I offered sacrifice just to *save* me from holding such things to be

privileges of religion; my offering was meant to *wean* me from the fold.' 'Then,' cries the elder brother, 'you were praying against *me*, praying me *down*. You have been winning the love of the Lord God by the pretence of a disinterested devotion. You have been setting your romance against my reality, and with success. My crops have faded and your flocks have flourished; you have been the thorn to my rose. Desist, I say, from these detrimental prayers! Throw down your domestic altar of self-immolation! Cease to be a barrier to my gains! I will tolerate no current running counter to mine!' Cries Abel: 'I dare not disobey my conscience—not for the love of gold, not for the fear of you. Your sacrifice is a mockery, because it is a merchandise. It deserves nothing *but* the famine; it could reap nothing but the blight. I do not wonder that yours has been this year a barren harvest.' But even while he speaks he reels backward. A blow from his brother's hand has struck him—swift, impetuous, passionate. He staggers, he falls, striking his

head in a vital part ; he rises no more ; he seals his conviction with his blood.

Now, the point of the Picture lies in the fact that this martyrdom was an arrest of development. In the view of the artist, in the view of the early spectator, Abel has not *finished* his work of sacrifice. It is only a *germ-cell* that has appeared when he is called away. That critic of the Gallery to whom I have already alluded has put it very tersely and very finely. Looking at the Portrait of Christ, he cries, 'We are come to the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel.' Language could not more clearly express the *incipient* nature of Abel's sacrifice. Why is the blood of Christ declared to be a better offering than the blood of Abel? Because Christ's is 'the blood of sprinkling.' It is not merely shed ; it is shed on others, shed *for* others. Abel's is not a 'blood of sprinkling.' It is a beautiful offering, an inward offering, a spiritual offering, but not yet an impersonal offering. It is a sacrifice for the wellbeing of his own soul, but not for the souls of posterity. He desires

communion with his God, a sense of personal fellowship with the Author of his being ; he has rightly discerned the things that belong to his peace. But he has not discerned the things that belong to the peace of coming Jerusalems. Equally with Cain he would perhaps have said, 'Am I my brother's keeper!' His was a protest in favour of the higher over the lower life ; a protest against utilitarian worship, against buying and selling in the temple of God. But it was his *own* higher life that he vindicated. He broke the box of ointment, but its fragrance did not yet fill the House of Humanity ; it was not a gift for the prospective world. He was beyond his times, for his times were the times of Cain ; but his march was arrested midway before he was able to attain the times of Jesus.

I THANK Thee, O Lord, that the Great Gallery has enshrined a form which the world thought unfit for survival. I thank Thee that man's judgment has not been the final

judgment. I thank Thee that in the many mansions of this Gallery Thou hast prepared a place for what I called failure. Abel would never have been one of *my* representative men; I should have chosen Cain as the 'man from the Lord.' I have no place in *my* philosophy for the bud which has never flowered. I have no niche in *my* gallery for the life that has been only promise. But Thou hast *enshrined* the bud that the storm forbade to flower; Thou hast preserved on the canvas the life of unfulfilled destiny. Thou hast taught me that the dead can speak, that the work need not end when the life has closed. Thou hast taught me that the influence can outlive the hand that shed it. Thou hast taught me that much of this world's work is done by the departed—that we live by the afterglow of many vanished days. Help me to remember the afterglow! When I see lives interrupted and am tempted to say, 'To what purpose is this waste!' help me to remember the afterglow! Help me to remember that the shed blood cries to *Thee*, that the interrupted life

works for Thee! Help me to remember that among the forces of earth there is none more potent than that of those whom we call the dead! So, in the time of depression, when men point to the unfinished glory and say, 'Where is the providence of God!' I will look at the Picture in the Gallery and answer 'He being dead yet speaketh.'

CHAPTER IV

ENOCK THE IMMORTAL

STANDING in the Great Gallery, we have seen that the two first figures of the group bear the impress of youth. The first represents the spirit of childhood—the child of all times and of all places. The second represents the life unfinished, the life that has not seen its meridian sun, and whose work remains a fragment; this also is a morning view. We are now come to the study of a third figure; it is that of Enoch. *Again* we are in the light of the morning, in the atmosphere of youth. I have said that the characteristic of youth is to look forward, that it is distinguished by the absence of retrospect. Enoch is the representative of this morning attitude of life. His eye is on the west—on the glory of the evening sun; only, it is not

contemplated as a *setting*. The gates of the eastern Paradise have closed behind him, but he turns not back to look at them. The rivers that issued from Eden are still beside him, but his gaze is not on these. He has forgotten yesterday, he has become oblivious of to-day; he is straining towards to-morrow.

Enoch is the universal symbol of Man's immortal hope. In the view of that old world, he is the man who escaped the sight of death. Examine your own hope of immortality in your most hopeful moments, and you will find that the experience you seek is the experience of Enoch. In your most vitalised hours your protest is not so much against annihilation as against the existence of death at all. What in such hours you wish to see is not merely a vision of something beyond the grave; it is a transfiguration of the grave itself. What you hope to find is, that death, as we understand it, has proved to be a delusion—that from the inside it has a totally different aspect from that which it presents to the outward eye. It is a very

remarkable circumstance and has often struck me as not merely accidental, that the full-fledged hope of Christian Immortality has reproduced the primitive hope expressed in the translation of Enoch. 'He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die,' is the utterance in which Christ's latest Gospel reveals the sense of Immortality. Is it not the same hope which centred round the personality of Enoch! It is not simply the solace that beyond the valley and the shadow there are mansions of abiding glory. It is the proclamation that for the spirit of Man the valley itself may be exalted and the shadow transfigured into a sunbeam. The watchword of Christianity is the initial word of the Book of Genesis—'Eternal Life'—not 'life restored,' not 'life resuscitated,' but 'life eternal.' There are many watchwords between; but the first is like the last. The initial note of immortality which is struck in the narrative of Enoch is the latest chord which vibrates in the teaching of the Son of Man.

I do not think we have sufficiently grasped

the significance of this fact in relation to the hope of the Old Testament. We think of the Portrait of Enoch as a thing which has no national bearing. We think of it as the individual freak of a peculiar artist who tried to paint a future life which his nation did not believe in. On the contrary, I think the narrative of Enoch's translation expresses the earliest conviction of the united Hebrew race. We have become so accustomed to believe in the late development of the Jewish faith in immortality, that we have come to look upon the narrative of Enoch as an excrescence. I hold, on the contrary, that the latest growth was the thing earliest planted, and that the belief in Eternal Life had its flower in the Gospel just because it had its root in the genesis of the Jewish commonwealth. For, be it observed that this earliest picture of immortality is the picture of Eternal Life. It is not resurrection; it is not even the awakening out of sleep. It is, in the strictest sense, immortality—undyingness. It is the record concerning a man

whose animation was never suspended—not for an hour, not for a moment. It is the exhibition of one whose life on earth was so full of God that what we call death took for him the form of transition. That is what the large majority of Christian men and women among us actually hope for—that there may be a life within them whose continuity shall not be broken by the hand of Death. And what has its sublimest consummation in the Christian consciousness had its crude form in the Portrait of Enoch. That Portrait was God's message of universal hope. Every man of the future aspired to be an Enoch. Every man strove to light a torch within his own soul which should not be put out by the gusts of the dark valley—a torch which should defy the power of the withering blast to extinguish and should forbid the damp of death to quell.

Do you doubt that such was the aspiration of the men who recorded the translation of Enoch. Look, then, at the earliest Pictures in the Gallery. What is their pro-

minent characteristic in relation to the hope of immortality? It is the effort to grasp Eternal Life, here and now. When I survey these Portraits, I can almost see the hand of the artist at work on the elaboration of the idea. I see *one* thought dominating the canvas—the perpetuation of that ideal which is expressed in the translation of Enoch. There is a perpetual attempt to resist the inroads of time, to keep the Portrait ever young. Nay, there is an inversion of the recognised order of life; the progress of each day is made a progress toward the morning. The men of the Pentateuch grow younger with the striking of the hours. Whenever their years are full, the inspired hand hastens to throw a mantle of youth around them. Their fullest blossom is in late autumn; their brightest glow is in old age; their lark's song is at evening time. Abraham's glory only begins where ordinary life is fading. Jacob becomes for the first time a poet when the shadows of age might well have chilled him. The dreams of Joseph's youth become his

certainties in the closing hour. Moses, whose manhood has run through a desert, beholds at the age of a hundred and twenty years a vision which the spirit of youth alone could see—the vision which belongs to an eye undimmed and a natural strength unabated.

Now, what does all this mean? What but this, that the Picture of Enoch is no accident in the Hebrew annals. It is not something which occupies an eccentric position in the Gallery; it is a symbol of the earliest thought of the race which produced it. The idea expressed in the translation of Enoch, so far from being an eccentric idea, is the predominant thought of the Pentateuch and the latest sentiment of the Christian Evangel. The passion for Eternal Life is the first and the last passion of the Hebrew race. To live for ever, to see no corruption, to keep undimmed life's pristine glow—that is the aspiration which feeds on the sight of Enoch, and that is the aspiration which permeates the morning and the evening of the Jewish day. The thought which kindles that morning and

that evening is not the waking from the sleep of death; it is rather the hope that the soul will never sleep; it is the impulse of the spirit of Man to see its Promised Land before death, to meet God face to face in some period of the present world, and to have the life preserved by receiving a breath of the Eternal. The ideal of Enoch's immortality is the spirit which pervades Genesis and the thought which inspires St. John. It illuminates the night of Bethel; it dispels the tears of Bethany. It is the Alpha and the Omega; it marks the beginning and the end.

And now the question occurs, Where lay this early hope of immortality? Each nation's hope of immortality lies in the ideal of that nation; where the heart is, there will the treasure be. The Hindu's hope lay in the mind's power of thinking, the Roman's in the hand's power of acting, the Greek's in the eye's power of seeing. What was the Jew's? A nation should reveal the ground of its hope at the very first, from the very dawn of its history. *Judah* does. Here, on the threshold

we have the germ of all her expectations and the secret of all her aspirings. Come and let us look at this early biographical notice. It is the summary of a life very brief, very uneventful, very prosaic—a life which to the outward eye would have revealed nothing but the commonplace. Whatever glory it has is within. Whatever claim to immortality it has is centred in the soul. The physical side presents nothing romantic, nothing brilliant, nothing which the world calls heroic. Thus briefly runs the record of its days: ‘And Enoch lived sixty and five years and begat Methuselah; and Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters; and all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years; and Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.’

Yet, brief as it is, this record is a biography—the description of a rounded life. Three times the curtain rises and falls. We see first an ordinary man—a life in no way distinguished from his contemporaries—engrossed in family

cares and engaged in secular pursuits. At the end of sixty-five years he has done nothing to mark him out from his fellows. Suddenly there comes a change—drastic, complete, revolutionary. Up to the birth of his son Methuselah he has merely ‘lived;’ he now begins to ‘walk with God.’ He makes a mysterious transition—a transition from the vegetative to the vital. How it comes, we know not. The dramas of the Bible are all internal; they are acted in the secret places of the soul. There may or there may not have been an outward catastrophe. There are lives which are transformed from vegetation into vitality by no visible hand; not every Saul of Tarsus needs a physical light to transfigure him. In any case, it is the inward act that the Bible photographs. Very deliberately is this indicated here. The narrative declares that when Enoch began to walk with God it made no change in his outward environment. He had lived sixty-five years as a man of the world occupied with the cares of a household. When he changes mere ‘living’ into ‘walking

with God,' he goes over precisely the same ground—he is still occupied with the care of 'sons and daughters.' No outward eye could have detected any difference. Religion is not a change of space; it is a change of spirit. It is not a new road, but a new perception. It finds its earliest glory in retracing the old way. Enoch, in his vegetating days, has gone the round of certain household duties, has borne certain burdens which as a parent he was bound to bear. When he begins to walk with God he walks on the same path where he had vegetated. He repeats the old duties with a new light in his soul. He bears the old burdens with a new strength in his arm. He meets the old faces with a new love in his heart. He treads again the path which he trod yesterday; but yesterday he walked alone, to-day he walks with God.

And now, for a second time, the curtain falls. And, when it rises again, we have a third and distinctively unique scene. Enoch himself has disappeared; there is no trace of him. But there are traces of all his contem-

poraries. We are standing in the midst of a vast cemetery. Around us are the graves of a world—that world in which Enoch lived and moved. Inscribed on each tombstone are the names of those who had stood by his side, of those who had preceded him, of those who had followed him. Adam is there—outside the gates of Eden. Abel is there—in the field of his martyrdom and of his glory. Seth is there—in a piece of hallowed ground. Enos is there—and beside his grave is the first place of public worship. Cainan is there—inheriting the only possession which his race was destined to keep.¹ Methuselah is there—reminding us that, however long, life comes to an end. But Enoch is *not* there. There is no grave for him. There is the place where a grave should have been, and there is a tablet above the spot; but on the tablet are inscribed the words, ‘He is not here; he is risen.’

That is the picture of the life of Enoch. What is its message of immortality? Why is this man represented as escaping death? It is

¹ ‘Cainan’ means ‘possession.’

on the ground of holiness ; it is because he 'walked with God.' Do you think that is an accidental connection of ideas? It is the key-note to all the subsequent teaching both of the Old Testament and of the New—the prelude to all the coming music. 'He walked with God, and God took him,' are words which never cease to echo through every corridor of Bible history. They ring through the Desert ; they resound through the Tabernacle ; they peal through the Temple ; they sing through the Exile ; they breathe through the songs of the Restoration ; they vibrate through the Sermon on the Mount. From Enoch to Moses, from Moses to David, from David to the Son of David, there is one prevailing note of revelation, and its message is this: The connection between morality and immortality.

If the Jew doubted a future life, it was because he doubted human goodness. It was not the sight of a dead body that made him a sceptic ; it was the sight of a dead soul. 'The soul that sinneth, *it* shall die,' was the thought at the very root of his being. That a man

were come and those who remained alive were to be caught up without dying, they would have as much need to be changed as those who pass through the valley of the shadow. And is he not right! Is he not right apart from religion altogether—as a mere matter of common sense! If you were told that, by the influence of lightning or some other known or unknown physical agency, one of your friends had been suddenly carried up to the planet Jupiter, would you not feel on his account considerable discomfort? Assuredly; and for this reason, that you had no evidence of your friend having received a previous revelation from that planet. Everything would depend on that previous revelation, on that foregoing ‘testimony.’ It would not help your peace to know that Jupiter is a grander planet than the Earth, nor even to be told that its inhabitants enjoy a happiness to which the Earth is a stranger. The question for you would be, Was the happiness of Jupiter in congruity with the *mind* of the Earth? Had there come to your friend, unknown to you and in the silence of the night,

intimation of the nature of that world to which he was going, indications of a kindred sympathy, messages that he would not find himself an alien, revealings that there was a place in that planet prepared for him? Nothing but *this* would satisfy the solicitude of your soul.

Now, before you criticise the writer to the Hebrews, remember that the same thought was in *his* mind. He had before him the picture of a man taken up bodily into heaven. He did not feel that this was by itself a boon. He wanted to know something more. Was the man fit for his new environment? Was there a congruity between him and his fresh surroundings? Would he find when transplanted a soil where he could grow? Could flesh and blood see the kingdom of God; could corruption inherit incorruption! Did not translation suggest such a query even more than death did! Death was at least a weeding out of much that corrupts—of the old body and the lusts thereof. But to be lifted into heaven *with* the old body, to be taken up with the faded garment still hanging

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round him, to be ushered into the presence of God without losing those elements which had attracted to the earth—this was something which wakened the inquiry, ‘Who is sufficient for these things!’

Do you not see now how the statement of Enoch’s preliminary message comes as a climax. It supplies the one thing needed to suggest exaltation. It says that Enoch was not transplanted into *foreign* soil. It says that translation was preceded by revelation—that before going out into the new world he had a picture of that world in his mind. It tells us that the beginning of the process was not the approach of earth to heaven; it was the approach of heaven to earth. He did not first go to Eshcol to try the taste of the grapes; he had specimens of the fruit *brought* to him—sent into his desert as a foretaste. And this foretaste was the climax of the glory; it made the glory, when it came, not wholly new. The wholly new cannot be the wholly beautiful. Before I am translated into any scene I must have a testimony concerning that scene. The

fields of God may be *absolutely* lovely; but I want them to be relatively lovely—lovely to *me*. To be that, they must speak to my past, to my yesterday, to my remembrance. In so far as their beauty transcends me, they will be to me *not* beautiful. If they would speak to my heart, they must *remind* me of something.

And I think this keynote of the Jewish message explains a fact which has puzzled all the historians of the land of Israel—her extreme reticence as to the future life. No man can say that this reticence was the result of ignorance. Her youth had been spent in the very soil where the thought of immortality grew luxuriant. Egypt was of all lands that which dreamed most of the life beyond; its whole interest was in a world to come. It was for this it raised its piles of architecture; it was for this it inaugurated its rites of worship; its very manual of religious devotion was entitled 'The Book of the Dead.' From this land of the Eternal Shadows, Judah came; we should have expected her to have shared

in these shadows. We should have thought that the religion of Israel would have been a constant call to prepare for a world to come. On the contrary, such a note is conspicuous by its absence. On every experience of *earth* the changes are rung; but there is a silence over Man's futurity. The Jewish Psalmody is the richest of all music; but it lacks a chord which vibrates in lower harmonies—the message of a world beyond. Why? Do you think it can be accident? No; it must be a designed silence—silence for a reason. And what better reason can there be than the thought whose keynote was struck in the translation of Enoch! The Jew is reticent about the future because with him the solemnity lies in the present. His first meeting with God is not to be on the farther shore; it is demanded here and now. Eternal Life is with him not something which *follows* death; it is something which precedes death. His God is not beyond the grave, and therefore his immortality is not beyond the grave. Immortality without God would be his despair.

If he is to go into another world and not be a stranger, he must carry something over from *this* world ; and he can carry nothing but God. Therefore his one solemnity is the meeting with God now—under the oak of Mamre or on the hilltop of Moriah. ‘Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!’ are very solemn words of the Old Covenant ; but the contemplated meeting was not in a scene beyond the tomb, but on the earthly side of the Valley of Death.

I *TOO* need first the vision of Thyself, O Lord ! I would not taste of death until I have seen *Thee* ! Even were I told that death was but translation, I would not taste it till I had seen *Thee* ! No chariot of fire can bear me to glory unless the glory be already in my *heart* ! In vain Thy crystal river shall sparkle if I have no eye for beauty ! In vain Thy choristers shall sing if I have no ear for music ! In vain Thy day shall be nightless if I have no thirst for knowledge ! In vain Thy sea shall be stormless if I have no wish for expan-

sion! In vain Thy work shall be painless if I have no mission for my hands! In vain Thy city shall be gateless if there be no love imprisoned in my soul! Not to seek Thee in *heaven* would I come; come and seek *me* on *earth*! I would be translated *before* death; I would taste Thy grapes in my desert. Thy Life is *not* beyond the grave; it is here, it is now. I can reach it without dying; I can breathe it without expiring. I need not the wings of a dove to find it; I require not an angel's flight to lead me to its rest. I have heard men say, 'Death is the gate of Life.' Nay; *Thou* art the gate, and Death is the shady avenue. Not on the other side would I see Thy face unveiled; meet me on *this* bank of the crystal river! Meet me in the mist and in the rain! Come to me in my cloud! Speak to me in my struggles! Wait for me at the *opening* of the valley! Translate me into Thy presence ere I tread the narrow way! Send me the morning before the evening! Show me heaven ere I die!

CHAPTER V

NOAH THE RENEWER

As we pass to the next figure of the group there is, as it seems to me, a point of development well worthy of attention. In the two preceding figures we have seen the human soul struggling with the defects of its environment. In neither of these cases has the soul really conquered; it has only escaped and flown away. Abel has a higher ideal of sacrifice than Cain; but Cain is stronger than Abel. All that can be done with Abel is to transplant him, to remove him from the evils that are coming on the earth. Enoch is walking on a higher plane than his contemporaries—walking with God. But one man cannot stem the torrent of a nation's iniquity; all that can be done for Enoch is to translate him, to carry him into a purer air where he will have

freedom to pursue his walk unmolested. But with the figure of Noah we are brought face to face with a new conception. The old *conditions* are there, the old struggle is there; but the result is different. Hitherto, the problem has been solved by the translation of the *man*; it is now to be solved by the translation of the world. Hitherto, the only sequel has been the removal of the man from his environment; there is now introduced a new solution—the renewal of the environment to suit the man. For the first time in the Great Gallery, we are confronted with the idea of reform. Noah is not the first to protest, but he is the first to reform. Enoch's walk was a protest, but it did nothing for the *world*; it only saved himself. But with Noah there begins the first of a series of efforts to save the *world*—to translate, not the man, but the earth. That the seed of the woman should be carried into the wilderness where the dragon cannot hurt it, is doubtless a consoling thing; but it would be something more consoling still if the seed of the woman should bruise the *head* of the dragon!

I have said that Noah represents the beginning of such efforts. It is well to emphasise the point. The popular notion is that he represents *nothing*—that he died with the antediluvians. We think of him as having been the hero of a unique and unparalleled catastrophe, and as therefore outside of our daily experience. No man has suffered so much from the flood as Noah. It has drowned his reputation. It has quenched his fame as a representative man. The flood has infected his memory with the mist of its own antiquity. The more universal we make the deluge, the more local we make Noah—the more do we isolate him from the common experience of mankind. We come to think of him as a man in a miraculous environment—a man whose life-tragedy lay in circumstances that have never occurred since, and will never occur again; and we feel that, whatever may have been his interest to his generation, his influence has perished for posterity.

Now, the truth is that, in so reasoning, we have entirely mistaken the real point of signi-

ficance in Noah's experience. The tragedy of this man's life is not the flood at all. From any historical point of view, from any artistic point of view, the least interesting feature about him is precisely his sojourn in the ark. His interest for posterity lies in the *building* of the ark, not in the sailing of it. It lies in the fact that he was the first who made an effort at reform. He was not the first of *dissatisfied* men. Enoch was dissatisfied. But Enoch was content to make his escape from the earth and leave things as they were. Noah was not thus content. He saw things in as bad a light as Enoch did; he deplored them as much as Enoch deplored them. But Enoch's goal was not enough for *him*. At a certain stage of despair, to drop the curtain and be done with the world is a very easy thing; but at no stage is it the highest thing. The highest thing is to refuse to accept the position of the world as final, to insist on remaining within it until its sin is washed away. That is the attitude of Noah. He is the sad spectator of a scene of moral corrup-

tion. His heart is heavy with the burden of a degenerate race. Yet he refuses to abandon the rôle of a declaimer. He clings to the hope that when the ship is shattered by the storm, there may be left entire a single plank which shall come forth purified by the waters, and become the nucleus of a new vessel destined for wider and nobler service.

What, then, was this vision of corruption which Noah saw?—that is the first question which lies before us. It is very graphically and very characteristically answered by the sacred narrative, ‘All the imaginations of the thoughts of man’s heart were only evil every day.’ This is not the description we should have expected. It is characteristic of the Bible, but it is not characteristic of human nature. We should have thought that an ancient narrative wishing to expose the wickedness of a short-lived race would have begun by making a catalogue of its actual crimes. So would any *other* ancient narrative in the world. But the Bible is on the very threshold true to its future self. It strikes here a chord from which it never

deviates—the chord of inwardness. With surprising modernness, it refuses to indicate corruption by a catalogue of deeds done. It goes to the root of the matter—to the deeds *not* done, the deeds in the imagination. That is the refrain of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Paul cries to the Philippians, ‘Whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report, think of these things!’ We expect him to say, ‘*Do* these things!’ But he has simply reproduced the message which was given to primitive humanity, ‘Beware of your *ideal*!’ There is not a more profound sentiment in all ethical literature. The radical difference between a good man and a bad man lies in what they *think*. The boundary line between virtue and vice is situated in the imagination. The germ-cell of a man’s character is his ideal, his answer to the question, ‘What makes life worth living?’ So said this early artist. He looks at the streaming crowd and cries, not ‘What are they doing!’ but ‘What are they thinking of!’—‘What are they dreaming of!’—‘What are

they enamoured of!’ He does not ask what their hand is touching, but what their eye is seeing. He draws his colours from within. Perhaps the man amongst them who has least violated the law appears to him the most hopeless subject; for the measure of each is determined, not by the height of his deeds, but by the height of his imaginings.

The danger, then, of this age was the danger which besets the young men of every age—an unworthy ideal of glory. What *was*, in the view of this artist, this unworthy ideal of glory? It was the admiration for the Portrait of Cain, the preferring of the physical to the mental. No one can read the early chapters of Genesis without being impressed with the fact that the memory of Cain has become the world’s ideal. The recurrence of his name in the names of his successors would alone bear evidence of this. When we hear one called Cainan, another designated Tubal-Cain, what does that imply? Clearly this, that he was the hero of the people, the man after whose likeness parents moulded their children. But

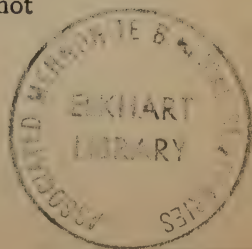
there is higher evidence than that. The memory of Cain had found its way, not only into the names of his successors, but into the literature of the succeeding age. There arose in that age a great poet, a poet the rhythm of whose words has not been drowned by the noise of the deluge. A fragment of his verse has come *over* the flood, and is known to us as 'The Song of the Sword.' It is sung to his two wives, perhaps in accompaniment to one of those musical instruments which had their origin in his family. The striking feature of this fragment is its inspiration by the memory of Cain. Brief as it is, Cain figures there—figures in his violence, takes a heroic place in his very deed of shame. He appears as the successful homicide—the homicide who secures immunity by his very crime, and is protected by that which should have assailed him. The poet has evidently caught fire from a current enthusiasm—the admiration for brute force successfully exerted and followed by no catastrophe on the person of the delinquent.

Now, when a man's example finds its way into literature, that man has conquered his age; he has won an empire compared to which the power of the monarch grows pale. And if it be a *bad* example, words cannot describe the detriment which an age suffers. When the poets of a nation chant songs of the sword, when they sing in rolling numbers the glories of oppression, when they ring the triumphs of might victorious over right and of tyranny trampling upon truth—it is then that there comes to life, and especially to the life of youth, the greatest danger that can meet a human soul—the danger of mistaking evil for good.

Now, this was the danger of that old world. It had caught the fever of a false enthusiasm. Its disease was a disease of the imagination—an admiration for the thing least admirable. The danger of the Jew has always been an image, graven or ungraven. It has come, not from the object, but from the reflection of the object in his eye. So was it here. 'There were giants on the earth in those days,' cries the narrator. There was no harm in that,

assuredly! But then, he naïvely adds that these giants 'were of old the men of *renown*.' *There* the harm began! This race, as I understand it, had fixed upon the physical development as the one end in life. They had enthroned in their imagination the men of bodily might, the men of muscle, the men of bone and sinew. They had recognised as the crown of human glory the qualities that could crush, the qualities that could break and bend. They had begun to experience that sentiment which they were to bequeath to their descendants—the offence of the cross. They had come to look upon meekness, mercy, compassion, as unmanly things. Their admiration for crushing strength was beginning to act on the body-politic. It was becoming the woman's motive for choosing a husband—the ground of her sexual selection. Not obscurely is this hinted in the sixth chapter of Genesis. As I read its record, I feel myself in the presence of a shrewd utilitarianism proposing to regulate the marriage-tie on purely prudential principles.

Unfortunately, the course proposed was not really prudential. The motive of this people was that which afterward found expression in the Tower of Babel—to secure permanence for their race. It had never occurred to them that permanence cannot be secured on a merely physical basis, that to build on such a basis was to build upon the sand. The suggestion of danger came from a voice outside—the *last* voice which was likely to influence the *inside*. There appeared a man who would now be called a street-preacher. The second epistle which bears the name of St. Peter calls him ‘a preacher of righteousness.’ The expression is significant. It indicates that the mission of Noah was not that of a soothsayer, of a man who cried, ‘There is a flood coming on the earth; come into my ark and you will be saved!’ No, to read it thus is to read it wrongly. No one can study the Picture without coming to the conclusion that the original aim of Noah was to *avert* the flood. He was not a prophet in any other sense than Jonah was a prophet. He was not



magically to foretell the inevitable occurrence of an event. Rather was he to proclaim that its occurrence was *not* inevitable—that it might or might not happen, according to the righteousness of the community. Let me try to exhibit this point; it has been habitually lost sight of, and by losing sight of it we have reduced the personality of Noah from the height of a teacher to the stature of a magician.

Out from the giants of the antediluvian world, there strides this silent, unobtrusive figure. Silent and unobtrusive he has hitherto been. His name *suggests* this; 'Noah' means 'rest.' Amid the bustle of his age he has been marked out, perhaps stigmatised, as 'the quiet man.' Nobody looked for a reaction through *him*. On the contrary, his contemporaries expected that he would loyally follow in the worldly path of his forefathers. 'He shall comfort us concerning the work of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed.' Such was the hope which centred round his life. I understand the words to mean, 'His piety shall *profit* us, his prayers shall bring good

harvests.' Yet this is the man who becomes a thorn in the side of that old world! There he stands—a solitary figure over against a multitude! He plants himself suddenly in the highway and raises into shrill accents that voice which hitherto had been silent. The note of his preaching is Reform. He calls to his countrymen: 'You are in a delusion. You think you are building on the solid earth. I tell you that you are separated by a thin crust from a flood of waters. You and I are in the path of an overwhelming tide, and I do not mean to *stay* there; I must have something to breast the coming waves. Will you not avert their coming! Will you not realise before it is too late that if you crush out mind by matter you have broken the only embankment that restrains the sea! Will you let in a rush of waters that will drown society, engulf order, submerge law, swamp the paths of peace, overwhelm the meek and gentle, bury fathoms deep the aspirations of the heart!'

Such I believe to have been the original message of this earliest of preachers—before

even to his own mind, it took concrete form. Even when it did take concrete form, the message of Noah was a moral message. The ark of safety which he proposed to build for the world was at no time the ark of gopher-wood. The ark of gopher-wood was never *meant* for the safety of the world, but, as the writer to the Hebrews says, 'for the saving of his own house'; it was only to be used when the world *refused* to be saved. The edifice he proposed to build for his countrymen was not a ship to save men from the flood; it was a structure to prevent the flood from coming. He was no clairvoyant looking into the future and beholding an inevitable catastrophe in to-morrow's sky. The danger he saw was *not* in the future; it was in the present. The district was unclean—unclean in its streets, unclean in its houses. He saw that such corruption would involve a plague, and he prepared a hospital in case of that plague. Yet he felt that the real cure was not the devising of the hospital, but the cleansing of the causeway—not the minimising of the pesti-

lence when it came, but the prevention of the pestilence from coming. To read Noah otherwise is to misread him—to misread on the threshold the nature of Bible prophecies. The prophecies of the Bible are never announcements of what *shall* be; they are announcements of what *must* be if things remain as they are. I will not admit a single exception to this. When the prophet cries, ‘God will judge Assyria!’—‘Egypt shall not escape!’—‘Nineveh shall be overthrown!’ what does he mean? That if Assyria and Egypt and Nineveh fail to cleanse their streets, they will get the plague. It is not meant that the plague will come irrespective of the cleansing. Do you doubt this? Take one crowning instance as the proof of all. The fall of Jerusalem was predicted in detail; yet at her eleventh hour a greater than all her prophets said that He would have gathered her children under His wings if, even in this her day of tribulation, she had known the things that belonged to her peace.

Accordingly, the tragedy of every Jewish

reformer lies in his hours of waiting—waiting for the spiritual dawn. This is Noah's tragedy—the tragedy of the mother watching the symptoms of the sick child. His eye is not on the coming flood; it is on the ebb and flow of Man's fitful fever. His eagerness is not that his prediction should be fulfilled; it is that it should *not* be fulfilled. His desire is that the limb may not need to be amputated; he waits for signs of amendment. It is for *this* he has to labour so long—not for the completion of the wooden ark. The Divine power which could bring a flood of retribution might well have brought the ark on its bosom. But this preacher had to wait for something which Divine power could *not* bring, without destroying Man more effectively than by the deluge. He had to wait for something which must be voluntary—a change in the human soul, the dawning of a new day in the heart of the creature. Such a dawn must be free—not forced; it may be prayed for, but it must be waited for. The tragedy of Noah's life is that solitary vigil.

He is to my mind the most solitary figure ever painted on the canvas of history—except, perhaps, One. Noah's solitude is solitude in a crowd—and it is all the deeper on that account. We see an eager man in the heart of an eager multitude; but the eagerness of the man is not on the same *ground* as the eagerness of the multitude. The man is bent on the things of the spirit; the multitude is intent on the life of the flesh. There can be no solitude more intense than an experience like this. The *desert* is not so lonely, the pathway of the forest is not so drear. To be the spectator of an unsympathetic crowd is the *climax* of lonesomeness.

If I were asked to photograph the life of Noah in one expression, I would say that its characteristic is solitary waiting. From beginning to end this is its leading feature. As with the life of Enoch, there are three risings and fallings of the curtain. We first see the man in the midst of the world, lifting a solitary protest against the life of that world. It is the lonely vigil of a single human soul through the

watches of a night lit up by the lamps of revelry and heated by the fires of licence; it is Faith watching and waiting for the dawn. Then the scene changes. The man is lifted *above* the world—almost translated like Enoch. He is floated in the air on a lonely sea—a sea whose waters have covered every rood of land and have buried in their depths that giant strength of which earth was so proud. But even in this vast solitude this human soul is waiting—waiting for an earth renewed, waiting for the green leaf to reappear, waiting for the emergence of the mountain's brow. He is sending forth the raven and the dove as his messengers to bring him tidings of the re-appearing land. Then comes the third vision, and it is different from both. The night is gone and the waters are gone. The world has risen baptized from its corruption, but with the weariness of a weaned child. The old life is past, but the new is not yet come. And *there stands Noah*—solitary, waiting still! For the first time in his vigil he waits under a rainbow. The new life has not come, but

hope has dawned. Light is in the *east*; morning is in the air; the breath of spring is pulsating in the ground. Everywhere there is the joy of a *beginning*. Everywhere there is the sense of a fresh start in life. Everywhere there is the proclamation of a second chance for Man—a chance of emancipation from the old heredity, of liberation from the yoke of yesterday, of freedom from the ancestral stain. When the last curtain falls it leaves Noah waiting; but he is waiting under the rainbow.

I THANK Thee, O Lord, that even where corruption has risen into a flood, it has never conquered the world! I thank Thee that one stream of holiness has ever been more powerful than an ocean of iniquity! I thank Thee for that promise made by the rainbow that, however hereditary be the course of sin, it shall never overflow the earth! Often do I marvel at the fulfilment of this promise. I have heard the floods lifting up their voice

with a great noise; I have seen the waves of unrighteousness cover the land. I said in my heart, 'God is conquered; evil has prevailed; faith has been a delusion!' But as I watched and waited, the *deluge* became the delusion; the waves sank, the winds lulled, the waters dried up, and Ararat raised her head to greet the sun! Why is it that, when the waters of sin are so deep and the streams of purity so shallow, the streams have always proved mightier than the waters? It is because holiness is more hereditary than *unholiness*. Thou hast no rainbow of promise for the propagation of evil; it has only the promise of the fourth generation; it gets weaker as it goes. But love, *Thy* love, has the rainbow! Though it were only one spark in a rayless night, though it were only one seed in a barren soil, though it were only one throb in a lifeless pulse—it has the rainbow! There is no *limit* to its power of descending! When I tread it in the dust, it blossoms; when I crucify it, it is crowned; when I bury it, it rises from the dead; when I degrade it, it

sits upon a throne ; when I depress it, it is exalted ; when I clothe it in rags, it assumes white raiment ; when I bring it to Calvary, it hails the Easter Morning ! I thank Thee, O Father, that no cross can kill Thy Christ ; I bless Thee that Thy rainbow-promise is to the flower—not to the flood !

CHAPTER VI

ABRAHAM THE COSMOPOLITAN

THERE is, as it seems to me, a strong analogy between the figures of Enoch, Noah, and Abraham. They are all, in a sense, translated men—men who have been lifted above their immediate surroundings and led to anticipate other surroundings. Enoch has dreamed of heaven; Noah has dreamed of a land beyond the sea; Abraham is to dream of a land beyond the years. To this last has been accorded a great distinction. The most mature of all the Gospels declares that he anticipated the Christian Era—‘Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad.’ In what sense is it meant that Abraham foresaw the day of Christ? Not in the sense of a clairvoyant; that would have been no real revelation of Christ. The

only way in which I can foresee the day of another is by living the life of that day. There are days in the heart of winter which may be said to anticipate the summer—days of sunshine, days of warmth, days of calm. So is it in the winter of the moral world. There are hours in which humanity seems to make a leap into other centuries and other scenes. There are men who are before their time. They stand upon a hill and see the other side. They narrowly miss being heralds of the future. They only miss that destiny because their age is not ripe for them. Like Paul, they are 'born out of due time'—born too soon. They have an Easter vision while it is yet winter, and therefore the winter loves them not. They are not looked upon as premature, but as immature—as unripe fruits of the tree of life, whose branches ought to be cut down to prevent disease and death. They are in advance of their age, and therefore they are the victims of their age. They are ever the men of sacrifice.

Such a man is Abraham. He is born too

soon. The father of a vast multitude, he is himself a lonely figure—above his surroundings, unappreciated by his age. And why is this? It is because he has conceived an idea to which his age is a stranger—an idea the working out of which *itself* involves sacrifice. We are in a great mistake about the life of Abraham. We think of it as a brilliant morning followed by a splendid noonday and a stormy night—as an existence whose dawn and whose meridian were marked by personal triumph, but whose evening had to bear the cross. A more untrue description of the artist's thought cannot be conceived. This life is all cross together—morning, noon, and night. It is from beginning to end a life of sacrifice. Mount Moriah is not what we imagine—an unfortunate accident which disturbed his sunshine at the last. No; it is only the dark close of a dark day, the latest step of that long ascent which had begun in Ur of the Chaldees with the climbing of a steep hill.

Let us consider this beginning. A youth in the land of Ur conceives the desire to

emigrate. It comes to him in the form of a Divine command—in the sense of a destiny, ‘Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.’ Now, the popular view is that this is the record of a young man’s *ambition*. We figure Abraham as a youth tired of his mean surroundings, eager to get out from the narrow precincts of a paltry village into the life and air of the metropolis—a man wishing to make his fortune and seeking for a wider field of labour. We figure him so, and so figuring him, we make light of his *religion*. We say, ‘Who would not obey a Divine command like *that*—a command to better one’s self, a command to be prosperous, a command to have purple and fine linen and sumptuous faring every day; would not any man be pious on *these* terms!’

But we have entirely misinterpreted the

meaning of the artist. The Picture he seeks to draw is exactly the opposite of that which our mind has sketched. It is not that of a young man striving to be rich ; it is that of a youth who in the enthusiasm of a great cause is willing to be poor. It is not the delineation of a life which is impressed with the narrowness of its surroundings and longs for wider room ; it is the unselfishness of a life which feels the largeness of its room and pities the narrow surroundings of others. Abraham is not the man of a village seeking a metropolis ; he is the man of a metropolis seeking to extend a village. Ur of the Chaldees was no home in the desert ; it was a centre of civilisation, a seat of worldly prosperity. The dream which there burst upon the soul of Abraham was the hope of being a secular missionary, a colonist of waste places. He looked out from a scene of culture upon a scene of surrounding barbarism, or, at least, of surrounding primitiveness. There came to him the thought that his culture was a gift from God—a gift not to retain, but to bestow. Was it not the part of

a benefited nation to bless those lands which had not been benefited! If he had a lamp of blessing, it was surely given that he might share it! Had he any right to sit contentedly beside his fire while others were cold! Should he not go out into the cold and teach others how to *make* a fire! Would not his own comfort *burn* him if he monopolised it! Was it not his *duty* to leave his country and his kindred and his father's house—that he might plant the blessings of civilisation in countries and kindreds and houses which were still untouched by its light!

The truth is, I regard the Portrait of Abraham as the earliest attempt to represent a cosmopolitan man—a man seeking to make the world a recipient of his own blessing. You will go wrong, in my opinion, if you find his antitype in the youth who seeks to aggrandise himself. You will find it rather in him who is eager to *spend* himself—to pour out all the treasures of his life for the good of humanity. He is the forerunner of that great missionary band which, whether in the sphere

of religion or of culture have been the pioneers of a new era to lands that were outside the pale—the forerunner of Duff, of Livingstone, of Moffat, of Carey, of Stanley, of Nansen, of Sir John Franklin—of all in every age who have travelled and explored for purposes of human development. Abraham is the man with the cosmopolitan spirit—the man who realises the common rights of the human race and seeks to *secure* them for the race. This will always be his proudest distinction and his highest glory.

And it will also be found to have been the root of his sacrificial life. No man in the days of Abraham could be a cosmopolitan without incurring the command, ‘Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house!’ To be a cosmopolitan is now a noble thing; it was then a suspected thing. Man had not learned the rights of human nature. He had not learned that the fact of being a sufferer itself confers the right to be succoured, shielded, comforted. The morality of each nation was national. To be touched with sins and sorrows outside was

unpatriotic. Patriotism was the highest virtue; the love of country was the highest love. When a man's inner nature said to him, 'Get thee out of thy country!' and when for the benefit of *other* countries he felt constrained to obey that voice, he was likely to go *alone*. By his act of cosmopolitan sympathy he had divorced himself from *national* sympathy. If the brook insists on widening into an ocean, it will thereby cease to be a brook. No doubt it will make a grand exchange; but an eye untrained to the vast will prefer the narrower precincts and look with regret on the enlargement of the waters. Even so was Abraham regarded. The cosmopolitan impulse that came upon him was an enlargement of spirit; it transformed a brook into a sea. But, for that very reason, it was a curtailment of his sphere among contemporaries. It exposed him to social ostracism. It separated him from his age. It expelled him from current sympathies. It caused him to be looked upon as a visionary, as a dreamer, as a man unfit for his kind. The path selected by Abraham

was a path which the world of his day did *not* deem heroic.

Look now at this phase of Abraham's life in the light of the later saying that he saw the day of the Lord. Is not the initial movement of this man's life precisely the initial movement ascribed to the Messianic course of Jesus! Paul declares that the first thing Jesus did was to 'empty Himself'—to select a path of impoverishment and privation. 'He who was rich, for our sakes became poor,' are the suggestive words in which he emphasises the sacrifice involved in the cosmopolitan path of the Son of Man. From beginning to end the charge against Him was the fact that His mission was more than national; that He deemed the welfare of humanity an object of higher interest than the welfare of His country. Could any period of past history mirror that fact in anticipation more clearly than the experience of Abraham! If you read it as we have read it, as I believe the artist meant it to be read, you will see in it a forecast shadow of the *Gospel* delineation. Here is a man who

might have been rich taking a course which involved his becoming poor. No doubt he is promised large possessions; but these are only promised—they had to be accepted by faith. What had to be accepted as fact was present privation—hardship, weariness, distrust by old friends, coldness from strangers, isolation from the life of all. All this was involved in the cosmopolitan path of Abraham. It was a lonely path, a thorny path, a hitherto untrodden path—a path which was only to be trodden in its fulness when the feet of the Son of Man should overstep the boundaries of nations.

The life of Abraham, then, begins with an experience which, in germ, is identical with that of Jesus. On the threshold of his ministry I am struck, too, by the analogy between the first three trials of Abraham and the three temptations of Jesus. Taking the order of these temptations from the narrative of St. Matthew, they correspond to the order of the trials of Abraham. Of course, it is an undesigned coincidence; it is neither prophecy on the part of Genesis nor reproduction on the

part of the Gospel, but it is all the more striking on that account. Look at the experience attributed to Jesus. The tempter comes to Him and says, 'Command that these stones be made bread'; it is an appeal to the physical nature—the sense of outward want. The scene changes, and there is a new appeal—what I might call an appeal to the imagination. Christ stands on a pinnacle of the temple, and a voice cries, 'Cast thyself down—try to reach your goal by the road of physical power.' Then comes the final trial—the moral conflict of the soul. Before the eye of Jesus there stretch two fields of possible possession—the one rich and luxuriant, the other at present a bleak and desert waste, and between these two He is called to choose. The tempter emphasises the glory of the luxuriant field, 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'

Abraham too, as it seems to me, has these three trials at the outset of his ministry. He is first assailed by famine; the bodily nature is made on the very threshold to protest

against the enterprise; it is a temptation to abandon the work. Then comes a temptation, not to abandon, but to accelerate it by an exercise of physical power. It appears in the subtle effort to win the favour of Pharaoh by a worldly policy. Nor does Abraham come forth scatheless from the trial; he *does* cast himself down from the pinnacle of *his* temple. But the third temptation is destined to redeem him, to wash him white. To him as to the future Messiah, there comes the call to an act of choice between worldly possessions. You will find it in the twelfth chapter of Genesis. Two fields stretch before the eyes of Abraham—the one fertile, the other seemingly barren. His kinsman Lot¹ is in search of the fertile field; he looks upon it with longing gaze as a source of independent empire. He would choose it if he could; but the choice lies not with him; it lies with Abraham. Will Abraham permit it? Will he allow a vassal to get the richer possession? Will he

¹ This is one of the characters whom I hope to treat independently in a subsequent volume.

suffer a dependant to receive the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them while he himself is confined to the seemingly barren waste? Remember where Abraham's temptation to the rich kingdom lay. It lay where Christ's lay—not in covetousness but in usefulness. What could the pioneer of civilisation not have done with such a kingdom! Might not the cause of humanity be helped by riches! Might not the labours of the missionary be aided by the possession of private means! Might not the influence of the new movement be rendered more powerful if it were felt to come, not from the valley, but from the hill!

Does Abraham, then, choose the richer possession? No; he selects the apparently barren one. Why? Because he does not want his followers to become a nation through out-door relief. God was to make of *him* a great nation. The race which he was to develop was to be developed by *self*-culture—not by culture from without. To use his own words, no man was to say, 'I have made Abraham rich.' And so he gave up the mountain for

the valley. He went down—down to privation, down to wandering, down to a life without a home, down to days of marching and nights of weariness. And with that selection of the valley there came to him *another* hour of the day of Jesus. When Christ took the lowly path in preference to the high one, ‘many of His disciples walked no more with Him.’ So is it here. The man enriched by Abraham’s own abstinence becomes the attraction. There is an exodus from the vale—an exodus from the camp of Abraham to the camp of Lot. The prospect of the loaves is too tempting. The chivalry of the master has itself provided the servant with the chance for desertion. Why seek a land in the future when there was a land here and now! Why journey through endless plains when there was a rest at the door! Was not home better than hardship, quiet superior to struggle, abundance preferable to scarcity! It was surely folly to pursue a dream when the waking reality stood before the eyes!

And so, the camp of Abraham was thinned. His humanitarian scheme received a chill—

a chill which came from the heat of his own generosity. This was the saddest hour of his life, as I think the corresponding period was the saddest hour in the life of Jesus. Yet, as to the soul of Jesus this hour was the prelude to a great revelation, so to the spirit of Abraham it was the forerunner of a vision of glory ; here again was the experience of the missionary to anticipate the Day of the Lord. Abraham too was in the hour of his seeming failure to have a scene of transfiguration. While he stands dejected on the desert waste, there flashes before his sight a wonderful vision. An empire rises to his view—an empire such as Man had never seen. It stretches to all ends of the earth—north, south, east, west. It embraces all ages of time—it is to endure for ever. It comprehends all varieties of men—its inhabitants are to be as the dust of the earth for multitude. Above all, it is a kingdom whose foundation is to be laid in righteousness—a kingdom bestowed by God, chartered by the will of heaven, ‘unto thee will *I* give it.’ Such is the vision which in his

hour of sadness floats before the eyes of Abraham. From the place where he stood he saw the promised land; and the place where he stood was transfigured. It lost its obscure character; it became a centre, a metropolis, a highway for the nations. He beheld it already glorified—transformed from a field of tents into a city of palaces within whose walls are gathered the worshippers of the living God.

The scene passed, and Abraham descended into common day. He came down into life's rough reality. And the reality was rough indeed. Around him was a growing corruption. The plains of Sodom were a sink of iniquity. They seemed to breathe derision upon his dream of moral glory. Yet, here again, if chronology did not prevent it, we should almost persuade ourselves that we heard the coming tread of the Man of Nazareth. We remind ourselves that it is after Christ's vision of transfigured glory that He meets the demoniac on the plain, and that the power of healing lay with the Heart which had *seen* the glory. We hear the question asked by the

disciples who had remained below, 'Why could not *we* cast out the demon?' and we feel the answer to be, 'Because *you* did *not* see the glory.' All this passes before us as we stand in front of the Picture of Abraham. This man is strengthened for *Sodom* by the vision of the glory. In sublime accents he lifts up his voice to plead for the doomed land. Almost, for a moment, we should imagine that we heard Christ weeping over Jerusalem! I say 'almost' and 'for a moment.' Do not think that the day of Abraham ever reached beyond the *dawn* of Christ's day. With all its analogies of experience, it was still the analogy between the child and the man. The tears of Abraham over Sodom do not really equal the tears of Jesus over Jerusalem. The pity of Abraham was pity for the righteous; the pity of Jesus was pity for the fallen. Abraham beheld gold amid the clay, and lamented that the gold should perish *with* the clay; Jesus beheld the clay *without* the gold, and wept because its wealth had never come. Abraham prayed for the ten righteous men who might possibly be

left in Sodom ; Jesus shed tears of agony over those degenerate thousands who crowded the streets of Jerusalem. The reign of absolute mercy had not yet begun ; the Gospel of unconditional grace was still afar off. It was as yet rather charity than love—rather the suspending of judgment than the following of condemnation by forgiveness. Abraham was only in the dawn ; but he *was* in the dawn. He had caught a glow of the sunrise—of human possibilities ; he had gathered fresh hope for Man. It was for other ages to extend his labours.

And here the cosmopolitan picture shades into another. Have you ever marked the peculiarity in the delineation of this figure of Abraham ? The ordinary course of life is to begin in the interior and then spread out toward the sea. But Abraham's life begins by the sea, and then makes its way to the interior. Most of us are individuals first and cosmopolitans afterwards ; Abraham is a cosmopolitan at the beginning, and an individual at the end. His life opens on the pathway of the nations.

He feels that he has a mission to the masses. The destiny which floats before him is a *world*-destiny. His first visions are visions on a large scale. He contemplates not men, but kingdoms—not units, but multitudes. His aim is to found an empire—an empire for God and righteousness. His eye is on things which suggest the boundless; he looks at the stars of night and dreams of magnitudes. Such is the *morning*; what of the afternoon? Here all is changed; the broad sea becomes a narrow lake. The man who at the opening of the day has only an eye for multitudes subsides at evening into the family circle. The starry dome is exchanged for the precincts of the tent. The sacrificial character remains; but its sphere is altered. It ceases to be a sacrifice for the *nations*; it becomes a surrender to the hearth. Its range at morning was humanitarian; towards evening it has become a household fire. The life which began with obedience to the mandate, ‘Get thee out of thy country!’ culminates in a submission of the will to a threatened family bereavement. Into

this inland experience our study follows him not. It is an experience which has had special interest for the *theologian*; to us its only interest is its bearing on the succeeding Portrait. We will leave Abraham where we found him—standing by the humanitarian sea.

I THANK Thee, O Lord, for my glimpses of the coming day! I thank Thee that there are prophetic moments in which I have sight of what *will* be! Why should I *not* have such moments! Hast Thou not given to the swallow the vision of a summer which is yet far away! Hast Thou not given to the bee the vision of many mansions that are to come! And shall my soul have no guide toward *its* morrow; shall my heart have no prophecy of the undawned day! My Father, Thou hast not left me thus comfortless. To me, as to Abraham, there have come intimations of a larger country and premonitions of a wider brotherhood. As I have strayed below the stars, I have asked myself if these *alone* have

unity. I have asked if there is no law that can so bind human lives. I have said, 'Is Thy blessing alone for Esau—for rough material things; hast Thou no word for Jacob—no bond of the spirit!' And as I said it, I knew that it was a voice from *Thee*, a prophecy from Thee. I bless Thee for that prophecy, O my God! Henceforth the stars say to me, 'So shall thy seed be!' Hasten, my Father, this day of Thy Christ! Unite the souls of men as Thou hast united the orbs of heaven! May the bells of union ring across the snow! Ring out the separation of countries and kindreds! Ring out the pride of race and the jealousy of privilege! Ring out the passion for monopoly and the lust for special power! Ring out the wars that sever the cities of the plain! Ring in the bond of brotherhood, the law of love, the harmony of helpfulness, the chord of compassion, the fulness of fellowship, the music of mercy, the chant of charity, the symphony of now silent souls! I *desire* to hear it; and when I hear it I shall be glad.

CHAPTER VII

ISAAC THE DOMESTICATED

SIDE by side with the figure of Abraham stands in the Great Gallery the form of his son Isaac. Yet nothing can exceed the contrast between these figures. One would imagine that they were painted by two artists of different lands. No ancient nation but Israel could have exhibited such variety in its types of heroism. Abraham, spite of his cosmopolitanism, has an element in common with the ideal of the *old* world. He is the type of masculine strength. He represents human activity—man cleaving his way by the sheer manipulation of energy. But Isaac is distinctively a female type. He reveals human nature in a passive attitude—precisely that attitude which the old world did not like. In passing from Abraham to Isaac, we seem to be passing from

a mountain torrent to a stagnant pool. We come from the running into the rest, from the hurry into the hush, from the sound into the silence. Abraham is the father, and Isaac is the son ; yet the sphere of the son seems more curtailed than that of the father. We expect generations to be progressive, to branch out as they grow. But here, as the generation grows, it would almost seem as if the original branches were lopped away and the tree of life were diminished. As the two figures stand before us we are tempted to say, 'Abraham is the young man and Isaac the old.' In coming from the father to the son, we have come from the world into the nursery, from the guidance of nations to the care of children. Abraham has the foreign mission ; Isaac has the home mission. Abraham has to civilise a world ; Isaac has to train a family. Abraham plants colonies ; Isaac digs wells. Abraham over-awes his opponents ; Isaac shrinks from conflict. Abraham treads a political arena and restrains wrong ; Isaac walks within his own house and restrains himself.

But, conceding the full force of the contrast, are you sure that it indicates an anti-climax? Admitting that Abraham's sphere is the world and Isaac's the domestic altar, are you *certain* that the latter is the scene of a diminished energy? I am myself quite certain of the contrary. I feel convinced that service becomes more arduous in proportion as the sphere narrows. I have often been struck with these words of Jesus, 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' They are not the common measurement. The common measurement is, 'He that is faithful in that which is large, is faithful in that which is small.' On what ground does Christ invert the order? On the ground of deep spiritual insight—insight which experience has confirmed. Many a man has been great in the winter blast and fretted in the presence of the summer shower. Many a man has borne his cross in public with splendid magnanimity and sunk beneath it in the silence of his own room. Many a man in the exchange and in the forum has an admirable command of temper, who

yet in the precincts of his home is a bully and a tyrant. Many a man is the soul of chivalry to strangers, and the essence of rudeness to his own sisters or daughters. Why is this? The short and easy answer is that there is hypocrisy in the human race. I do not think that is the explanation. I take the reason to be the principle enunciated by Jesus. The wider sphere may be more prolific in influence, but the narrow one is richer in sacrifice. It is richer in sacrifice because it is more barren of stimulus. It reveals no cloud of witnesses. It displays no prizes for success. It offers no prospect of outward plaudits. The virtues of the home circle are spontaneous virtues. They have nothing to cultivate them from without; they must grow by their own strength, or not grow at all.

There is a remarkable passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews in which it is stated that Jesus 'suffered outside the camp.' I take the idea to be that the trials of a captain are greater when they are unappreciated by the army—when they have to be borne in the silence of

his own breast. The life of Isaac is from beginning to end a suffering in private. His was that form of sacrifice which does not show, which wins no reputation for heroism. But just on that account it had a value all its own. The sacrifices of Abraham were on the line of the world's march, and they received the stimulus which comes from being conscious of the world's eye. The sacrifices of Isaac came from the unaided heart. They were the product of an unassisted will. They were the revealing of private sentiments, of strength exhibited in seclusion. In Isaac we have the impression not of hearing, but of *overhearing*. We seem to be listening to a beautiful singer who imagines himself unheard; and we give him the credit of the imagined solitude. We feel that his singing comes purely from devotion to the music. He is like an artist painting in a desert—painting in the firm belief that none will ever see his work. We bow reverently before the evidence of unconstrained devotion, of unalloyed love for that which is intrinsically fair; and we feel that the absence

of witnesses has itself contributed a fresh homage to the worship of truth and beauty.

I think you will find that in the delineations of the Great Bible Gallery each life has one typical incident—one event which in small compass expresses the whole essence of the character. Peter is typified by his sea-walking—his alternate moments of buoyancy and sinking. John is epitomised in his rest on the bosom of Jesus. Paul is summed up in his Adriatic voyage—tossed between the intellectual waves of Asia and Europe. Elijah is typed in his chariot of fire. David is photographed sweeping the strings of the harp—weaving the discords of Israel into a great and glorious harmony. Abraham has his keynote in the command to leave his country for a larger country—for the citizenship of the world. Isaac *too* has his typical incident, the event which sums up his whole life. What is that? It is the sacrifice of Mount Moriah. As a mere incident it would have little significance; its importance lies in the fact that in one touch of the pencil it portrays the character,

the life, the distinctive destiny of the man. Let us consider this.

When the scene of Isaac's life opens, he is a youth. But it is not with the wonted attributes of youth that he is introduced to us. Youth is wont to manifest itself in the effort at independence; Isaac appears before us bound. Our first sight of him is the sight of an unresisting victim on an altar of sacrifice. His father Abraham has bound him there in the belief that heaven had commanded it. But you will miss the point if you imagine that the attitude of Isaac is that of a mere victim. It is that of acquiescence. The light in which he is brought before us is that of filial obedience, not of constrained obedience. He is seen unresistingly submitting to an act because it is the work of his father. He does not understand the wisdom of the act any more than his father understands it. What he does understand is that he is *obeying* his father. The obedience is with him a voluntary deed, a surrender of *will*. In the deepest sense, Isaac has bound *himself* to the

altar. He has submitted to self-effacement for the sake of his family. That submission is, I say, the type of his whole life. He is *always* bound to a domestic altar. From first to last he is offered up in sacrifice to the will of his family. At every turn of life he is forced to give up the public for the private sphere, to exchange the gaze on the ocean for the walk by the stream. He is the forerunner of all domestic drudges, of all who lose promotion through the impediments of home. Isaac is the bird that is prevented from soaring by the requirements of its nest. When he puts out his wings to fly, he finds ever that he is bound fast to a family altar—that identical altar to which early in life's morning he was bound by his father Abraham.

We see a remarkable instance of this in the first revelation which Isaac receives from heaven. It is the revelation to a young man, but it is very unlike that form of inspiration which we poetically associate with youth. We associate youth with the wings of the morning, with the promise and the power of a majestic

flight. We hear God speaking to every young man in his aspiration to *rise*, to break from his narrow limits and soar to higher spheres. So had the voice come to Abraham, 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land which I will show thee!' That is the typical revelation to the spirit of youth. But what would you think if your son were to say to you one morning, 'I have been offered a lucrative appointment of commanding influence, but I intend to refuse it; God has revealed to me that my sphere is one of humble service and commonplace duty!' Would you not deem it an incongruous thing that a lad with the world before him and with the possibilities of the world in his view, should voluntarily elect to shut himself in a cellar!

Now, some such want of enterprise seems at first sight to be involved in the revelation claimed by Isaac. There is a famine in the land of Gerar, the humble place of his abode. This is, in other words, to say that it was a place with no prospect of promotion. The

eyes of the young man naturally turned to Egypt. It was a centre, a place of possibilities, a thoroughfare for the nations. The census periodically tells us that our villages are gradually being depopulated by migration into the towns. From a cosmopolitan standpoint, Gerar was a village and Egypt a town. The natural impulse of Isaac was to emigrate, to seek the centre. What prevented him? He said he had a prohibitive revelation. He maintained that the voice of the Lord had come to him with the command, 'Thou shalt not go down into Egypt; dwell in Gerar!' Could he be right in his conclusion! Could such a message come from God! Is it not a breach of religious art to represent it so! Is not the Picture of Abraham more true to the Divine ideal than the Picture of Isaac! Why should a Divine revelation be described as coming for the express purpose of curtailing the energies of a man!

But in asking this we are under the delusion that a curtailed sphere is a curtailed energy. It is not; a service is more arduous in propor-

tion as it is humble. My own opinion is that there is nothing which demands so much religious strength as the sense of a shut gate. Let us try to put the experience of Isaac in a modern dress; you will find that probably this was also its original dress. Let us say that this young man at the moment when he was about to step into a wider arena was prostrated by sudden illness—an illness which permanently enfeebled his capacities for outward work. Let us say that for an hour he fretted and fumed over the narrowing of his destiny, and cast a longing eye on the Egypt which he could not enter. Let us say that then there came into his mind a thought which breathed an unspeakable calm, ‘Is not this sickness the voice of God, is not this door *shut* by God!’ I say that to be calmed by such a thought is the greatest triumph religion ever secured. It is easy to hear God’s voice commanding you to go *out*; but it needs faith to recognise it when it bids you go *in*. When Paul hears a voice, ‘I will send you far hence to the Gentiles,’ he can readily say, ‘It is the

Lord'; but when Isaac hears a voice, 'Stay at home!' he may well ask, 'Who speaks?' It is a grand thing in Isaac to recognise the Lord's voice in the accident that maimed him. It is a grand thing that he is able to say, 'The altar to which I am bound is *itself* my destiny.' We deem that man godly who can accept a wider field of labour; but I think the man requires more godliness still who can accept as a gift from God the curtailment of a field which he believed to be all his own.

What, then, is this corner to which Isaac is limited? It is the most commonplace work in the world. He has exchanged the firmament for the farmyard. His father Abraham had swept the horizon with the eye of faith and read his destiny in the stars of heaven. The gaze of Isaac is on the ground; his eye rests on pools of water. Read that passage so remarkable in its prosaicness, which occurs in the twenty-sixth chapter of Genesis: 'Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the

death of Abraham: and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them.' Is this the occupation of a hero! It does not seem so. But if you look deeper into this dusty soil, you will find diamonds—the most sparkling diamonds of Isaac's life. Nowhere to my mind does his character shine out so resplendent as in this commonplace passage. We see *again* a man bound to a domestic altar—the altar of filial love. Again he offers himself, as a sacrifice, to his father Abraham. Abraham is dead, but his memory lives, and his memory is potent with Isaac. It is not often that a new generation aims at glorifying the generation that has passed away. We are all apt to have a patronising pity for the wells which our fathers have dug—to feel how much better *our* workmanship would have been. But here is a man on fire with the love of yesterday! His whole aim is to glorify the past—even at his own expense to glorify it. He disclaims originality for his workmanship. He says, 'These wells were made by my father; I have no credit in their construc-

tion; I am only restoring the work which he did, and which after his death the Philistines *undid*.' There is something very grand in the self-effacement implied in the words, 'He called them by the names which his father Abraham had called them.' Plagiarism would have been very easy; by no possibility could it have been detected; the signs of the original hand had been all obliterated. What made Isaac disclaim the authority? It was filial love. He was *still* bound to the altar of his father. Still, in spirit, was he standing upon Mount Moriah. Still was he offering himself to a parent's service. Still was he surrendering his own life to crown the life that gave him birth. There is no more beautiful episode than the naming of these commonplace wells!

I am not at all sure that this self-effacement on the part of Isaac came from a quiet nature; nor do I think this is the conception of the artist. I think he wants us to contemplate Isaac as a very *strong* man. There are two kinds of self-effacement—very different from

each other, but equally implying power. There is a self-effacement which consists in taking *on*, and there is a self-effacement which consists in giving up. The first was that of Abraham. His surrender was not so much a *parting* with possessions as a *sharing* of possessions. If he gave up his country and his kindred, it was for a larger country and a wider kindred. His watchword was not 'abnegation,' but 'sympathetic *appropriation*'; he took on him the burdens of others. But Isaac belongs to the second order. His sacrifice takes the form of personal divestiture. It is true he has to give up nothing but his will. Neither on Mount Moriah nor afterwards is he required to divest himself of an actual garment. His sacrifice is all inward—all of the will. What he gives on Moriah is not his life, but his willingness to surrender it; what he gives in Gerar is not a possession, but his consent to abstain from it. Yet the man who can give his will has given everything. He who can empty himself of his dearest desire has reached the acme of self-abnegation—a

height of abnegation to which nothing could add. And there is nothing which could accomplish such a work but energy, the perfection of mental strength. It is a strong thing to lift your brother's burden and put it on your own shoulders; but to lift your own joy and put it away from you, to refuse to stretch out your hand to grasp a coming gain, requires, I think, a nerve stronger still.

A fine instance of this occurs in the waiving of his partiality for his best loved son Esau in favour of the less loved son Jacob. We speak of Abraham offering up his son Isaac; did it ever strike any one that Isaac offered up his son Esau? We almost seem to find the influence of heredity—the two acts are so much alike. In both cases it is a surrender of will; in both it is a surrender to what is believed to be the Divine pleasure. Isaac, like Abraham, has a son whom he loves. He sends for him to bless him. But it is in the days of his old age, and his eye has become dim. His hands are guided to the head of the wrong man; he gives the blessing to Jacob that was meant for

Esau. Immediately, he accepts the accident as the will of God. Though it is dead against his own will, though it is the result of a cruel deception, he receives it as the decree of heaven. With a determined fatalism he crucifies his own desire in obedience to what he deems the counsel of eternity. It is in vain that Esau pleads. His father's *heart* is with him; but his creed is stronger than his heart. That creed is the belief that whatever happens becomes God's will—even though it has been produced by bad agencies. The misguiding of the blind man's hand was a sin; but the touch of that hand was a fact. Being a fact, it had passed into the hands of God. It had become part of the universe. Man could not revoke it; anger could not annul it; regret could not gainsay it—it was henceforth the will of heaven.

Now, the question which I put is this, Did the artist mean this Portrait to be the representative of sentimental weakness? Is it not clear he meant the reverse! To me the figure of Isaac suggests rather one of Crom-

well's Ironsides than one of earth's weaklings. The blood in his veins is akin to that of the Puritans. His was the *surrender* of a will, not the crushing of a will—there is a great difference between these two. The crushing of a will brings vacancy; the surrender of a will is itself an exercise of *will-power*. To my mind there is no more majestic spectacle than that of the old blind man bereft of all the qualities which constitute pagan greatness, yet ruling his clan with authority unbroken. It is one of the finest tributes to the majesty of inward strength which has ever been painted by any literature. It is a tribute to *feminine* strength, bearing strength, passive strength—a tribute which was not to be excelled till the Son of Man built on the Mount His monument to the greatness of a surrendered will, and inscribed on it the words, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!'

And is it not a sense of this feminine type of greatness which has constrained the artist in Genesis to give woman a place so high!

Nowhere is the Bible so modern as in its opening pages. The domestic hearth of the Book of Genesis hardly seems an ancient picture. There the kingdom of woman is recognised. There she is the head of the home—I had almost said, the head of the Patriarchs. At a time when elsewhere she is either a drudge or a plaything the Gallery of Genesis has represented her as free. Nay, she is there more than free; she is compelling. Woman would almost seem to give the law to man. Sarah dominates Abraham; Rebekah sways Isaac. It would make no difference though you could prove that the empire only existed in the fancy of the artist. The value lies in the thought, the idea, the aspiration. It lies in the fact that in these days there were minds that aspired to the emancipation of woman, minds that saw afar off the recognition of her equal rights with man. And they saw this because they saw more. Their appreciation of the claims of woman came from their appreciation of *passive* strength. They thought her worthy to be exalted, because

they thought the domestic virtues worthy to be exalted. They had an anticipative vision of the Mount of Beatitudes, an impression that the time would come when the virtues of the valley would be hailed as the virtues of the hill. The fruit of that vision is the enthroning among the patriarchs of a distinctively feminine soul—a soul whose greatness lay in self-denial and whose majesty was his willingness to take the lower room.

O THOU who on the mount hast blessed the virtues of the valley, let me enter into that blessing! Let me stand on the hill with Thee and see the exalting of lowly things! I used to think the Isaacs of life were unfit to survive. I thought they had no force, no character, no strength to breast the storm. I thought they would be swept away by the first wind that blew. I was wrong. Not undesignedly does Isaac precede Ishmael in Thy Gallery! The Isaacs have had the *inward* strength; theirs has been the king-

dom of heaven, theirs has been the inheritance of the earth, theirs has been the fame of being called the children of God. I passed them by on the way; I rejected them as stones for my building; but they have become the chief pillars in *Thy* house. I thank Thee that Thou hast made a crown for Calvary! I thank Thee that Thou hast wreathed the brow of patient pain! I thank Thee that Thou hast a palm for the unrepining! No more can I behold the invalid with condescending pity. No more can I view him as a lame man before a shut gate. His weakness is itself his possible gate to glory. Thou hast made his pain his portal. Thou hast called his waiting work. Thou hast deemed his silence service. Thou hast regarded his patience as praise. Thou hast accepted his tearlessness as tribute. Thou hast received his faith as a fighting. Thou hast hailed his valley as a victory. The hearts that have sung in the night are the heroes of *Thy* Pantheon; in this Thou hast fulfilled the promise, 'In *Isaac* shall thy seed be called.'

CHAPTER VIII

JACOB THE ASPIRING

THE figure which next meets us in the Bible Gallery is one which in my opinion has been generally misinterpreted; it is the form of Jacob. The common view is that this Picture is a delineation of human inconsistency. We are accustomed to think of Jacob as a character of lights and shadows mingling without reason. We see in him an unstable temperament—a life that has no settled purpose, no forecast plan, but which is swayed alternately by impulses of good and impulses of evil. We figure him as essentially a weak nature—vacillating ever between the day and the night, and unable to concentrate his mind upon a definite resolve.

And indeed, as commonly understood, the Portrait of this man *does* present an inconsis-

tency. Let us consider the recognised interpretation. There are two young men, we are told, of absolutely opposite characters—the brothers Jacob and Esau. Esau is the man of the present ; Jacob is the man of the future. Esau is never able to look beyond the hour ; Jacob has his thoughts always on the morrow. Esau is absorbed in the pleasures of sense ; Jacob is intent on the pursuit of gain. Esau cares for nothing but a merry life ; Jacob is willing to endure laborious days in the acquisition of material wealth. Esau has the disposition of a spendthrift ; Jacob has the nature of a miser.

By and by there happens the inevitable. Esau finds himself in temporary embarrassment. He asks his brother for a loan. Jacob consents on one condition—that he will sell for the loan his birthright, his right to inherit his father's property. Esau agrees ; the impulse of the moment is too strong for him. But when the moment has passed he regrets ; he would fain undo. He feels that he has been overreached—that his brother has traded upon the weak

point in his character. Dark thoughts rise within him ; he prepares for vengeance. Jacob has a premonition of danger ; he takes refuge in flight. All day he travels in wild haste ; and at night, footsore and weary, he comes to a desert spot, a weird and waste solitude. Uninviting as it is for rest, he can go no farther ; he throws himself down exhausted upon a heap of stones, and falls asleep.

And then begins the seeming inconsistency. This apparently bad man has a beautiful dream—a dream so beautiful that it has become immortal. What the *best* men of the past had not seen, this fraudulent youth beholds. Heaven is opened to his sight, and the home of the Eternal is brought nigh. From earth to sky there stretches a great ladder, and on its steps *ascend* and *descend* the angels of God. Now, the question we ask is this, Why did the artist give such a vision to such a man? Are not our dreams the product of our past! Do we ever in any sphere see a breach of evolution! Does a prosaic man leap all at

once into poetry; does a worldly life bound without warning into religiousness! On the contrary, when you see sudden changes, you know assuredly that somewhere in the past there was a match struck. We see Nicodemus embalming the dead Christ, and we marvel; by and by we find that he had previously met Jesus by night. We behold Saul of Tarsus transformed into Paul the Apostle, and we wonder; presently we learn that for a long time he had found it hard to struggle against the majesty of Jesus. The same such wonder meets us here. The youth who of all others is apparently most immersed in the waters of earth has a clearer view of the sunlight than all who had gone before him. Can we explain the paradox?

I think we can explain it, but not on the *old* interpretation of the narrative. On the supposition that Jacob was a common miser living only for the acquisition of material gain, his vision of the heavenly communion remains either a psychological puzzle or an artistic blemish. But is this the correct

supposition? I say it is not. I feel sure that the previous life of Jacob has not been that prosaic thing which the popular view would have us believe. I am convinced that, according to the narrative, according to the conception of the artist, this dream of the night was in the first instance a dream of the morning, and that the vision which Jacob saw in the desert was the vision which had followed him amid the haunts of men. I will try to indicate the reason which has led me to this conclusion.

To the ordinary English reader there is a sharp contrast between Jacob's coveting of the birthright and Jacob's dream of Divine communion. Really, however, so far from being contrasted, the latter is a development from the former. Jacob's coveting of the birthright was nothing more or less than the beginning of his dream. What *was* this birthright? The inheritance of the father's property, you say. Yes; but what was the father's property which the eldest son inherited? In England we associate that institution with something very

material—with stone and lime, fields and acres, houses and lands. But in Patriarchal days this was *not* its association. To a son of the Patriarchal House the birthright of the firstborn was the High Priesthood. In the public estimation Abraham and Isaac were not simply rulers; they were the priests of the clan, the sacred ministers of the community. To them it belonged to offer sacrifice, to them it pertained to pour out intercession. They were the ladders of communion between earth and heaven, on whose steps went up the prayers of the people; they bore the weight of the national supplication. It was to this ministry in holy things that the firstborn was heir. This was his right of primogeniture; this was his prospective privilege. And it was this which Jacob coveted. This was from the beginning his dream—the dream of being the ladder of family communion. By order of birth he was *debarred* from that privilege. Esau was the firstborn, and Esau had the claim. But to the eye of Jacob, Esau was unfit for the office. He was a secular man, a

man of weights and measures; he had no taste for matters ecclesiastical. To Jacob it was a hard thing that the lot had fallen upon the wrong man; and the sense of the incongruity made him dream all the more.

Jacob, then, appears from the very outset as a mentally aspiring man. His dream at Bethel was no accident; it was a result of his whole past. What he there saw under the stars, he had seen in his heart from the very dawn. It had been the dream of his life to be this ladder, this medium of communion. To express it in modern language, his ambition was to be a son of the Church. He wanted to be the cleric of the family, the ecclesiastic of the clan; this was his aspiration, this was his dream. And in itself it was a noble dream. I do not wish to obscure the defects of Jacob; but I cannot see either from the standpoint of the artist, or from the standpoint of the historian, that one of these defects was the desire for the birthright or the regret that it had not fallen to him. Paul says there is a noble covetousness; he bids us 'covet the

best gifts.' Jacob's position was not unlike that of many a poor student—poor, I mean, in worldly goods, who is prevented by that poverty from gratifying the dearest desire of his life—the desire to be a minister of religion. He sees hundreds entering into the temple from which he is excluded—hundreds without his gifts, securing the upper seats in the synagogue. Is it strange, is it ignoble, that he should fret against the bars! Jacob had a similar excuse for his covetousness. His barrier was not want of money, but want of primogeniture; yet it was equally an *external* barrier. It was a merely technical disqualification for a post which otherwise was in every way adapted to his abilities. No wonder he dreamed of his missed destiny night and day! No wonder that, amid the cold and weariness of his Bethel vigil, the fancies of his sleep took neither the form of cold nor of weariness, but assumed the shape of a ladder between earth and heaven!

But let us not forget that in Jacob's Bethel dream there is a penal as well as a pleasurable

element. He pronounced the spot of the vision to be a 'dreadful place.' This indicates that in some sense the scene jarred upon him—that it was not in every respect harmonious with his nature. The dream, in other words, had a retributive as well as a rewarding function. Before we can understand the nature of the retribution, we must put our hand upon the fault. Jacob *had* a fault. His moral danger lay precisely at the point in which he was most strong—his lofty aspiration. His desire for the birthright was noble; it was the wish to enter the Church, to become a minister of religion. But why? Not yet for the *love* of the profession, but for the *pride* of the profession. He felt that to be a ladder of communion between earth and heaven was to assume a commanding position, the most commanding position in the world. The estate he desired was not one of stone and lime; but none the less was it one of exaltation. His eye was rather on the *ascent* than on the *descent* of the ladder. To be a churchman in those days was to be a power; it was to wield an influ-

ence far beyond the strength of the secular arm. Jacob felt what many a young man now feels—the social uplifting involved in the clerical office; and he had more *reason* to feel it than any man has in our day. This was the fly in his ointment; this was the bane of his dream.

And this was the feeling which the vision reproved. What was the cause of that dread which Jacob experienced after his Bethel dream? It was the sight of ascending and descending angels. To a selfish man, was there anything dreadful in such a spectacle as that? Not according to the common interpretation. The common interpretation is that some angels went up the ladder and others came down. I do not think this was the artist's meaning. Taking into account the ministrant character which the Hebrew attributed to the angels, I hold the meaning to be, not that some went up and others went down, but that those who went up came down again. This is evidently Paul's view. When speaking of Christ's union of exaltation and humiliation, he says: 'He that *descended* is the same as

He that *ascended*.' I understand him to mean that this is the true interpretation of Jacob's ladder. Supposing it to be so, we get a flood of light upon the whole narrative—light which illuminates both the past and the future in the life of Jacob, light which helps us to comprehend the weak point of his youthful dream, light which enables us to see the meaning of the shrunk sinew on the heights of Peniel.

For, what does the vision say to the life-dream of Jacob? Is it not something like this: 'Jacob, you have been in a great delusion about this matter. You have been seeking the Divine Priesthood as a source of worldly power; it is in the first instance a source of worldly weakness. He who becomes the ladder between earth and heaven must bear henceforth the weight of the multitude. On him the crowd presses, on him the care descends. He goes up only that he may come down. If he ascends into the light of God, it is that he may *descend* into the night of Man. If he rises into the heavenly rest, it is that he may learn the earthly tossing on the

pillow of stone. The birthright you seek is not to be found on the mountain, but in the valley. You think the securing of the prize would make you the superior of Esau; no, it would make you in a more direct sense than ever before the *servant* of Esau. The higher you would climb, the deeper must be your bending. The Divine right of kings is their right to be servants—servants to the lowliest, servants to those who lie on couches not of down. If you desire your brother's birthright, it should be on the ground, not that you will gain more riches, but that you are capable of more sacrifice than he.'

And is not the principle of this mystical ladder eternally true. Is it not a matter of experience that in the mental sphere the sacrifice belongs to the *height*. It is not a sense of want that stimulates sympathy; it is a sense of possession. Infirmaries came not from the sick, but from the strong. What has instituted asylums for the blind? It is the vision of *light*; had darkness been perpetual and universal, there could have been no

such institutions. What has instituted asylums for the imbecile? It is the sense of mental *power*; insanity knows not its own unsoundness. What has instituted reformatories? It is the ideal of *purity*; the unobstructed presence of sin would have made such homes impossible. The burdens of humanity belong to a soul in proportion to its perfection—not its imperfection. I would apply this even to the education of children. Do not choose your nursery governess on the principle that, as she is only for the nursery, she had better not be too learned. The man or woman who has the highest knowledge of a subject will be the clearest teacher of that subject, will make it most plain to beginners. Those who are half-way up the ladder of knowledge never speak in parables; they are incapable of breaking the bread to their childlike disciples. But he who is on the topmost round can speak to the lowliest. He is the only teacher who is clear to the unlettered crowd. To him belongs the power of making simple; he alone can discourse in parables.

And does not the climax of this principle appear in the great central fact of Christianity itself. What *is* that central fact? It is the sin-bearing of the sinless. The Fourth Evangelist calls Christ in express terms the ladder of Jacob. Why so? Clearly because in Him the principle of that ladder finds its culmination—the principle that the highest are the servants of the lowest. Of all the sons of the human race, there is only one who stands at the *foot* of the ladder—the Man who has been at the top of it. The hospital of the *moral* pestilence gets no support from any moral invalid. Each man of dyed garments avoids brushing against the dyed garments of his brother. Simon will not speak to Magdalene; they have both dyed garments, and neither will tolerate the *other's* dye. Neither Simon nor Magdalene has yet been up the ladder; neither has received the birthright of priesthood. But *one* man has; amongst many brethren Jesus is the firstborn. And, because He alone has the birthright, He alone has the pain. The man who goes up to the heights of

holiness is the man who must come down to the depths of sin—down to Simon, down to Magdalene, down to the lepers of corruption and the demoniacs of passion. Imagine a constitution of things in which every physical blow gave its pain, not to the man struck, but to some *other* man. We do not see this in the material world; but Christianity says that it is the law of the moral world. According to Christianity, it is the angel at the *top* of the ladder who is bruised by the pillow of stone. The deepest moral corruption is unfelt by the man who possesses it. It is felt by the man who does *not* possess it, who walks in white by the side of the crystal river. The penalty of sin falls heaviest on the holy; the Cross of Calvary first crucifies the pure. Spiritual elevation can never bring worldly *elation*. When Jacob reaches that summit of the ladder from which Esau is debarred, the sight of his debarred brother will be, not a triumph, but a trial.

What was the *effect* of Jacob's dream? In one word, it was 'Peniel.' We are in a great mistake if we imagine that there is no

connection between the angels he beheld on the ladder and the angel with whom he wrestled until the breaking of the day. He never would have wrestled at Peniel if he had not dreamed at Bethel. The dream at Bethel gave him a conscience; there lay its terror, there lay its glory. It told him that the birthright he had received was a burden, a burden he was bound to bear. It told him that to be an angel of God was a very serious thing; it asked him if he had realised *how* serious. When Jacob awoke, he awoke as a new man, or rather, with an additional man *in* him. He had lain down a single individual; he rose a double consciousness. Two lives were within him, strove within him. There was the old life which he knew so well, and which he used to call 'himself.' That was still there, but it was no longer there alone. Another stood opposite to it and disputed its rule. That other was a life of strange appearance. It was like a flattering portrait of himself; but it seemed also to *contradict* himself. It resembled one of the angels of his dream. It was the

presence in his soul of a new ideal—a new object for living. Hitherto, he had lived to overtop *Esau*; but the new presence said, ‘Let Esau overtop *you*!’ The new presence became very troublesome. It disputed with him constantly. It interrupted him in the market-place. It checked him at the receipt of custom. It barred him at the buying of land. It cried out when he gave false measure. It said at the most inconvenient times, ‘Remember your brother!’—‘Remember your neighbour!’—‘Remember your fellow-man!’ It made him less sharp in bargaining, less acute in things pertaining to his interest. A certain kind of energy departed from him—the force called ‘grasping.’ Men saw the change, and described it to his disparagement. They expressed it epigrammatically by saying that there had been a shrinking in the sinew of his thigh. Yet it came not from a diminished, but from an added, energy; it was all the effect of the new conscience—the ministrant angel of the Bethel dream.

There is a curious suggestion in the picture

of this conflicting period of Jacob's life. The angel with whom he is struggling is represented as saying, 'Let me go! for the day breaketh.' I understand this to mean that Jacob found it easier to be good by night than by day. I understand it to mean that he formed fine resolutions under the stars which he tended to break in the sunshine. He is not singular in this; it is to some extent the experience of us all. There is a special solemnity about the night. I do not think it lies where it is supposed to lie—in the vastness of the spaces. Rather do I attribute it to an opposite impression—the sense of individual nearness to the centre of things. Jacob grows solemn when he sees that heaven and earth have a ladder between them. This is ever the source of night's solemnity. The individual feels himself less the member of a crowd, more an object of solitary contemplation. The narrative says of Jacob, 'When he was *alone* there wrestled with him a man.' It is by night that we most feel this solitude—so favourable to the wrestling angel. Our importance as units

is *magnified* in the night. We seem to ourselves more worthy; therefore the ideal man within us awakes from his sleep and upbraids us. But when the day comes, we lose our individuality once more. Our sense of importance dies. We feel ourselves to be fragments again—atoms in the crowd, drops in the ocean of life. Conscience is never so low as when the pressure of the multitude makes me undervalue my own soul; and it is the day-break that brings the pressure. Night says, 'You are alone with God'; morning says, 'How can God be affected by a puny life like you!'

And this, I think, explains the fact that conscience is often most powerful in the hour of death. Then, as in the night, I feel myself alone. The crowd has melted from my view, and the fashion of this world is dissolving like a mimic scene, and there is none but God and I. Very finely has this principle been grasped by the great artist in Genesis. With strong persistency he has been making the solitary hours of Jacob his grand hours; the night of

Bethel has been his golden dream, the night of Peniel his golden struggle. But his greatest glory is reserved for his hour of greatest solitude—the hour of death. There the angel of the ladder and of the struggle appears once more, and he appears as the climax of his former self. He is still the angel of ministration; but he is no longer a mere helper to *Jacob*—he is inciting Jacob to bless others. The dying man becomes for the first time the universal benefactor. In his hour of death the ministrant conscience becomes dominant, supreme, overmastering. Even the poetry of his language, grand as it is, is left in the shade by the glow of his altruism. He has no thought for anything private, anything local, anything personal. He has emancipated himself from individual ambition. His aspiring has become unselfish. His own griefs and joys are forgotten. The *tribes* of Israel glitter in his sight—their duties and their dangers. The burdens of the *people* crowd upon his heart—their weightedness and their soreness. His hour of death is his hour of priesthood; he has

only reached the birthright in the valley of the shadow.

L ORD, give me the blessing of Jacob—his best blessing—his power to bless! Doubtless it must come with a shrunk sinew; I cannot keep the song of the lark when I get the seal of sonship; I must enter into the pain of my Lord. Yet that pain is better than the world's joy. I have heard men speak of pain as a blot on Thy universe. They were wrong; it is the birthright of the *un*blotted. Give me this birthright, O my God! Put the scar of sympathy in my heart! Let me feel my brother's thorn! Make it impossible for me to stay at the top of the ladder, even though that be heaven! Send me down the golden stair—down to the pillows of stone, down to the nights of sorrow, down to the limbs that are languid, down to the souls that are sad! Send me with a breath of Eden, send me with a flower of Paradise, send me with a cluster of the grapes of Canaan! Send me to the hours

that precede the daybreak—those darkest hours which come before the dawn! Send me to the hearts without a home, to the lives without a love, to the crowds without a compass, to the ranks without a refuge! Send me to the children that none have blessed, to the famished that none have fed, to the sick that none have visited, to the demoniac that none have calmed, to the fallen that none have lifted, to the leper that none have touched, to the bereaved that none have comforted! Then shall I have the birthright of the firstborn; then shall I have the blessing of the mighty God of Jacob.

CHAPTER IX

JOSEPH THE OPTIMIST

THE figure which stands next in the group of the Great Gallery is perhaps the most popular of all the Old Testament Portraits. There are few who are not familiar with the story of Joseph. Even those who know little of the Bible—to whom Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are mere names, and the less prominent figures not even so much, can tell you all about *Joseph*. Why is this? Is it because the story of Joseph is painted in more vivid colours than any of the other narratives? It is not so painted. It is less graphic in its delineation than the portraiture of the Garden of Eden; it is less sublime than the description of the Flood; it is less poetic than the vision of Bethel or the scene of Peniel. Yet neither the Garden of Eden nor the slopes of Ararat, neither the

plain of Bethel nor the heights of Peniel, have yielded so many flowers to fancy as the ground trodden by the feet of Joseph. Or is it because Joseph is a greater character than his predecessors and successors? He is not greater. He never reaches the sacrificial heights of Abraham nor the sacrificial depths of Isaac. Like Moses, he is in Egypt; but he is *not*, like Moses, a maker of history. It is difficult to see how his brilliant government contributed anything to the Exodus or influenced in any respect the fortunes of Egypt herself. Neither the personality nor the public position of Joseph accounts for his effect on posterity. How is that effect to be explained?

If I were allowed to express the answer in childlike language, I would say that the cause of the narrative's attractiveness is that the story has a good end. What I mean is, not only that it culminates in brightness, but that the brightness is found to have been produced by the actual clouds of the narrative. This is, I think, a point in which the Portrait of Joseph

is unique amongst Old Testament figures. You will find any number of narratives that wind up with the prosperity of their heroes; but I cannot at present recall another in which the trial is found to be a *part* of the prosperity. Noah emerges from the flood into the sunshine; but the flood remains a calamity still. Daniel is saved from the lions; but he is saved by the allaying of their fury. Job gets back his possessions; but he gets them back as a reversal of his adverse circumstances, not as a *result* of these circumstances. The case of Joseph is very different. His peculiarity is not that he rises to a pinnacle of earthly splendour; *most* of the Old Testament figures do that. It is that his splendour has come out of his *dungeon*. We are made to see, to feel, that he would never have been on the pinnacle at all if it had not been for his misfortunes in the valley, that his sunshine has come from his suffering, that the avenue of shade has led him to the palace of light.

I have said that this is a unique experience in the Old Testament; but it is the universal

experience in the New. The New Testament is nearer to the view of suffering expressed in the Portrait of Joseph than to any other theory whatever. The doctrine of the Gospel is, not simply that after dark the light comes, but that the garment which at night we call dark is that which in the morning we pronounce luminous. The words of the latest Evangelist are, 'Your sorrow shall be *turned into* joy.' It is the transformation of sorrow rather than the abolition of sorrow that is contemplated. The watchword of Christianity is 'perfect *through* suffering.' The glory of Christ is not something which He reaches as a compensation for the cross; it is the lifting up of the cross itself. It has become a simple matter of history that Christ has triumphed by the very steps which were taken to defeat Him. He has not been lifted out of the valley; it is the valley itself that has been exalted. He has not been freed from service; it is service itself that has ceased to be ignominious. He has not been exempted from further stooping; He has been exempted from hindrances to

further stooping. His sorrow has been 'turned into joy.'

Now, I say that the nearest analogy which the Old Testament presents to this standpoint is the Portrait of Joseph. Even the Book of Job does not reach the *summit* of the hill. That book does not attain the *highest* optimism—even in its climax. It shows us a good man rewarded for his patience in trial. That is satisfactory, but it is not purely optimistic; the trial still remains as so much lost time. If a man has been interrupted in a race, it does not reinstate him to set him on the road once more. He has lost ground in the interval; his competitors are on before him; the renewal of his original power may never again secure his original object. But if you could tell the man that the interruption came to him when he was on the wrong road, if you could tell him that he tripped just when he was about to take the false turning, a turning which has led his competitors astray, the matter would assume a very different aspect. He would then regard his interruption as itself his

greatest stroke of good fortune ; his fetter would be found to be his wing. Pure optimism is not the belief that all will come right ; it is the belief that all is right *now*, that nothing has ever been wrong. It is not simply the contemplation of an ultimate abundance ; it is the wreathing with glory of times of scarcity. It is the exaltation of trial itself into the position of a step in the great ladder by which Man ascends to the summit of his nature. Now, this is the optimism which is reached in the story of Joseph. It is an alternation of lights and shadows ; but in the shadows, as in the lights, the man equally moves upward. The tragedy and the triumph alike minister to his progress, alike conspire to make him the benefactor of his kind. It is not that he is lifted into the sunlight ; his *crosses* are lifted into the sunlight. He succeeds by reason of his seeming failure. His thorn of yesterday becomes his flower of to-day ; his strength is perfected in weakness.

The truth is, the Portrait of Joseph is to my mind a philosophical picture—the earliest

attempt to delineate a theory of the universe in the form of a narrative. I do not mean that it had not its basis in fact. I mean that here, for the first time, there was an eye to *observe* the fact. The man who narrated this life is more than a recorder; he is a theorist. He has not only exhibited the materials; he has woven them together. What he has in his mind is really an essay or sermon. If he had entitled it 'An Inquiry into the Causes of Human Suffering,' he could not have more clearly revealed his intention. That intention is to vindicate by experience the ways of God to Man. Instead of vindicating by an argument, he selects a life—a life which shall run from youth to age, and be the normal type of *all* lives. And I am bound to say that in this delineation he has passed quite beyond his time, beyond his race. He has claimed a larger empire for God than his countrymen claimed for Him. None of his countrymen, so far as I know—not even the author of the Book of Job—recognised suffering as a part of the mosaic; it is always either a penalty or a

trial. Here it is a fragment of the building—a necessary fragment, a contribution to that great temple whose completion is to perfect the praise of God. Joseph himself is made the spokesman of the new evangel. He comes before us as the advocate for optimism. He confronts the facts of his own life, and claims absolute good fortune. He does not say that the joy has *exceeded* the sorrow. He does not say that on the whole the lights have outweighed the shadows. He *denies* the shadows. He refuses to admit the *reality* of the clouds. He claims his adversaries as his unconscious friends, 'As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it for good.'

Let us look at the philosophy of this life of Joseph. Those who are conversant with music tell us that each of Chopin's Preludes has three parts, which embody a distinct sequence. In the first, the melody is free and unrestrained. In the second, it seems to move through tangled places—to be impeded in its way by the intervention of resisting elements. But in the third, the melody comes out into the open

once more; the tangles vanish, the impediments are removed, and the notes of the first part reappear in a new connection and with a fresh power. Now, this is precisely the music which I find in the life of Joseph. He is one of Chopin's Preludes. He has his three periods. He has his period of youthful freedom, when his life flies through the open with wings of fire. Then comes a seeming closure. He is no longer in the outer air. He is shut within a tunnel; he is to all appearance debarred from progress, evermore. All at once he makes a discovery. The tunnel has been itself a progress. He has been moving underground all the time he thought himself stranded—has been moving by a shorter way. The dark road has been the quicker road. The notes of the morning are repeated in the afternoon; but they are sung on a higher hill and under a purer sky. Come, and let us traverse these three parts of the Prelude—the notes of the morning, the notes overshadowed, the shadows themselves merging into the symphony! We shall find in it the

earliest effort of the Hebrew race to transcend itself, its first deliberate attempt to break away from its own theories, and to seek a humanitarian basis for the action of God.

The drama opens with the picture of a petted boy—a child of his father's old age. He has two qualities by heredity, and one by education. From his grandfather Abraham he has received the spirit of optimism; and that is good. From his father Jacob he has received the spirit of ambition; and that is also good. But from his mode of education he has received the spirit of selfishness; and that vitiates everything. He is an optimist for his world; but his world unfortunately contains only one person—this little boy himself. He has too wide a horizon, too unobstructed a view. No interest has been allowed to clash with *his* interest. His father's will has been *his* will. Brothers have been discounted; he has been the favoured child. He is eager to preserve his pre-eminence. He feeds the flame of his father's partiality; he tells everything that can disparage his brothers. And

because he *thinks* of their disparagement, he *dreams* of their disparagement. The wishes of his night repeat the wishes of his day. He is always seeing *his* star overtopping the other stars, his sheaf outgrowing the other sheaves. That the streets of London are to be paved with gold is a small thing; but the bells are ringing out that *he* is to be *Lord Mayor* of the golden city—and that makes its prosperity worth a hymn of praise. Joseph's world has as yet but one inhabitant—himself.

Now, what is wrong here? He needs to get his mind widened, you say. Not at all; he needs to get his mind narrowed. He has too many gates open in *life*, and therefore he has too few gates open in sympathy. The infirmity of this boy Joseph is just his want of encumbrances. He has never met with a shut door, never encountered an opposing wall, never had to ask for anything twice. There has not been cultivated in him the spirit of prayer—the spirit of need; and therefore there has not been cultivated in him the spirit of

sympathy. All inward widening is produced by outward narrowing. How shall I pass from the life of the egotist to the life of the humanitarian? Only through my own strait gate. The wing by which I fly to your trouble is the wing which is wounded; the hand by which I help you is the hand which is maimed. In vain shall I enter your desert till I have tasted the waters of Marah. Not by fearless *running* shall I overtake and lift your burden, but by halting on my own thigh. The education in sympathy is the experience of personal bruises; of every true comforter we can say, 'By his stripes we are healed.'

And so, Joseph must have the second part of the Prelude—the period of enclosure. It comes; and, lo, the gates which were all open are all shut! The boy had run in the free air of heaven; the youth is cribbed, cabined, and confined. The hours of morning had owned no master; the noonday is one perpetual, one enforced service. His prospect in life is seemingly blotted out. He is stolen from home. He is proclaimed to be dead. He is sold as a

slave to a band of Ishmaelites. He is transferred by them to an Egyptian soldier. He is suspected innocently of grave offences. He is immured in a dungeon. Time and space seem to have ended for him. In his own land he is already numbered among the dead; in this foreign land he is *un*numbered either among dead or living—he is a cypher. He might be painted at this moment with his foot resting upon his own grave.

And, all the time, beneath that grave there is a gold-mine. Never in all his life has Joseph been so near to glory—moral and physical glory. For the first time in his existence he puts out his hand to help another; and accidentally it touches the gold-mine. Having no longer a dream of his own to interpret, he begins to interpret the dreams of his fellow-prisoners. He reveals his poetic genius as he never has revealed it before, just because he is not listening to his own singing; and he reveals it to some purpose. Little did he imagine when he entered that dungeon that he was to have such an audience! One

of his fellow-prisoners is, in three days, to be in touch with royalty—in touch with a royal personage who wants, beyond all things, an interpreter of dreams. Joseph might have ranged the plains of his native Mesopotamia in wild freedom for a hundred years and never have found such a chance of promotion as came to him within the precincts of that gloomy and stifling dungeon.

Then comes the third part of the Prelude. We are in a new scene—the court of Pharaoh; Joseph stands beside the throne. The boy of the desert, the youth of the dungeon, has become the adviser of royalty. Yet, strangely do the notes of the first part blend with those of the third! Mesopotamia has come over into Egypt! The enemies of his boyhood are there—those brothers whom he had wronged, and who had wronged him! His aged father is there—that father who had believed him to be dead! The old patriarchal life is there, like a song of home in a strange land! But they are all changed—they are all more worth having. The father has given up his unjust

partiality; Joseph no longer *needs* his special care. The brothers have given up their jealousy; the Prime Minister of Egypt is *beyond* their jealousy. *Joseph* has given up his *selfishness*; his dreams are now humanitarian. The relieving of the pain of others led him at first to a gold-mine, and, ever since, it has become a joy for its own sake. And, remember, all this reunion, all this better union, has come from a dark cloud. What is it that has joined the hands of Joseph and his brethren? It is famine. They have fled to Egypt for corn; they have heard of the great economist who administers there. They dream not it is their brother. They are flying in panic from to-day, and they meet their yesterday. They are driven by fear, and they fall into the arms of hope. They come to beg of a stranger, and they find themselves fêted by a brother.

There is only one feature of this Portrait which has been alleged to be an artistic blemish—a blemish in its picture of optimism. It has been said, Why did Joseph let his father

believe him to be dead for so many years? We are asked, Could you imagine a high-souled young man, living within a reasonable distance from the place of his birth, and aware that his father was still residing in his old home—yet keeping his existence for years concealed from that father, and allowing the paternal heart to count him among the dead! I heard one of the most eloquent of preachers the other day, in strong detraction from the character of Joseph, put this side of the case with great force and with great ability. ‘What do you think of that!’ I said afterwards to one of the audience. ‘Oh,’ was the reply, ‘he ought to remember that it was the fault of the *dramatist!*’

I must confess that I do not regard this answer as satisfactory. What we want to know is, why such an otherwise admirable Picture should apparently contain such a flaw. It is beside the question to discuss whether that flaw lay in the life or in its delineator. In either case the problem to be solved is on the *canvas*. The seeming blemish is now part of

the Picture, and there lies the sting. The Picture is, otherwise, beautiful. It describes the development of a life from selfishness to unselfishness. If it has recorded an act of heartlessness at the climax, it has failed in portraying its own plan. But has it? What if this so-called act of heartlessness is in reality an act of *heart*? What if the seeming blemish is a colour of new beauty? What if the apparent flaw is an added flower? I am convinced that it is. This act of Joseph is no neglect either on his part or on the part of the dramatist. It is a designed silence—a pause in the music which is meant to give *effect* to the music. It is no sign of crudeness either in the man or in his biographer; it is the mark of ripe development, of autumn fulness.

For consider, had not Joseph's life in youth been a thorn to his father—the greatest moral thorn of his father's old age! Had not the life of this son been the one rock on which Jacob's ship had been in danger of foundering! Had not his partiality for Joseph been the bane to family union, the barrier to the pro-

gress of the kingdom of God! Had it not threatened to hasten the severance of the twelve tribes of Israel! Had not the fancied death of Joseph been a great *boon* to his father! It had brought family peace. It had secured unity around the hearth. It had broken a régime of manifest injustice. Was it not well that the delusion should be preserved! Was it not best that for the present the old man should be allowed still to think that his son was dead! Did not Joseph himself owe this as an atonement to his brethren! Had not he too been unjust, selfish, monopolising, eager to grasp more than his share! How could he better make reparation than by effacing himself, allowing his name to be blotted out from the living members of that circle whose harmony he had done so much to disturb, and whose unity he had helped to destroy!

I hold, then, that this seemingly dark side is a part of the bright mosaic, a contribution to the artist's conception that all things work together for good. I cannot detect a single feature in the Portrait of Joseph which has

not been placed there for the express purpose of advocating the cause of optimism. Even the closing scene of all, the hour of his death, is grandly consistent with the ideal of the Picture. Why is it that the writer to the Hebrews, that great spectator of the Great Gallery, has fixed upon this final hour of Joseph as the typical hour of his life? 'By faith Joseph, when he was dying, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones.' One would have thought the life was rich enough in incidents to make it unnecessary to draw illustrations from its *close*. Why not say that the optimistic faith of Joseph appeared in the dreams of his boyhood, or in the courage of his youth, or in the beneficence of his manhood! Why not go back to the sanguineness on the Mesopotamian plains or the fortitude in the Egyptian dungeon! Why select the example from the hour which least distinguishes one life from another—the period of the dark valley! It is because, to be optimistic in that valley is optimism indeed,

because the man who can *there* keep the light in his soul has proved that his faith is supreme. And is there any optimism like that of Joseph's closing hour! Was it not a bold thing to believe that Israel would come out of Egypt! Was it not a daring thing to dream that this little band would not be absorbed in the Egyptian waves, but would issue forth as an independent river! Was it not a brave thing to hope that this insignificant clan would keep its nationality and its name amid the rush and roar of waters! Nay, is not this *still* the crowning marvel of Israel! Blended with every land, deprived of local habitation, denuded of temple and sacrifice, denied a voice among the nations, refused a place in the political arena of the world, this people holds fast its hope and will not let it go. And its hope is the faith of the dying Joseph—the faith that Egypt will not absorb it, that culture will not outgrow it, that modern life will not supplant it, that in the days to come it will *resume* its reign.

L ORD, teach me the power of life's seeming arrests! Often have I felt the grief of Joseph. Often have the bright dreams of youth appeared to fade, and the shadows of the prison-house to close over the growing man. I have cried in the bitterness of my soul, 'The promise of the morning is broken; I shall never *now* find the treasure for which I have sought so long!' And lo, I have found it *in* the prison-house, *in* the dungeon, in a panel of the locked door! I had sought it in all likely places—in the fields, in the woods, in the homes of the rich and mighty; and it has come to me in the one spot where its presence seemed impossible. Thou hast answered me as Thou answeredst Job—'out of the whirlwind.' I had been looking to all *calm* places for an answer. I had looked to the gentle dawn; I had gazed on the roseate morning; I had stood in the pensive twilight; I had communed with the still and starry night; I had listened upon my bed when the pulse of life beat low. From none of these did my answer come. Then the *whirlwind* swept by,

and I said, 'There will be Divine silence *now* ; I cannot hope for Thy voice any more !' And behold, it was from the whirlwind that Thy voice *came* ! What earth's silence could not give, what earth's calmness could not give, what earth's zephyrs could not give, was given by the storm ! Let me never again fear the shut gate ; let me never more dread the interrupted journey ! Teach me that my Calvary may be my crown ! Tell me that my Patmos may be my promotion ! Show me that my Damascus darkness may be my dazzling daylight ! Reveal to me that there may be progress through life's pauses, voices in life's valley, symmetry in life's sighs, music in life's maladies, beauty in life's burdens, work in life's wilderness ! Then shall I know why this Portrait has been placed in the Great Gallery of deathless souls.

CHAPTER X

MOSES THE PRACTICAL

AS we pass from the Portrait of Joseph to the Portrait of Moses, we make the transition to a new phase of Semitic life. All the foregoing figures are those of idealists. They are all seeking something beyond the actual, something that would abolish the present order of things. Young Adam wants a transference of the Eden government, a transference which would make him lord of the whole Garden. Abel wants a form of sacrifice altogether in advance of his age. Enoch is aiming after a life which can only be realised in heaven. Noah is seeking a reform which must involve a renovation of the earth. Abraham is trying to establish in the world a kingdom of Divine righteousness. Jacob is in search of a ladder between earth and heaven. Joseph is the

representative of youth's romantic dreams. They are all men of the future—men who seek the stones for their temple from scenes and circumstances not present to the eye. But, with the Portrait of Moses, we enter another world—the real world. Here for the first time we are confronted by a man who proposes to build the temple with the actual stones of the quarry. He says to his countrymen, 'You have been looking too far away to find the material for your Tower of Babel; this commandment is not in heaven, neither is it beyond the sea; but the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart.'

Here is the advent of a new régime. Man has begun to contemplate the possibility of a palace which shall be reared out of earthly elements, a palace which shall rise from the daily work of ordinary human souls. Salvation by obedience to law, salvation by the performance of the hourly duty and the fulfilment of the habitual task, salvation by the adequate discharge of the common round of earth's requirements for the labouring man—

that was the goal which glittered before the eyes of Moses. It is in the pursuit of this goal that Moses is distinguished from all his predecessors. His name has been associated with many things. It has been associated with the building of the tabernacle. It has been linked with the origin of the Jewish ritual. It has been connected with the deliverance from Egypt. It has been intertwined with the life of the desert. It has been identified with the discovery of the Promised Land. But none of these things is *distinctive* of Moses. You will find each of them foreshadowed in the previous figures. You will find an earlier tabernacle in Eden. You will see an earlier ritual in Abel. You will behold an anticipation of a promised land in Enoch. You will meet faith sustained amid a desert in Abraham. You will witness the provision for an Egyptian deliverance in the closing act of Joseph. But there is one sphere in which Moses stands alone, in which he is the first founder, the primitive inaugurator. It is in the discovery that common life may be religious

life. That God was in the Garden, men knew; that God was in the sanctuary, men knew; that God was beside the altar, men knew. But that God should be in secular places, that the home should be itself a sanctuary, that the household fire should be an altar fire, that the honouring of a human parent should be deemed an act of piety, that the observance of a neighbour's rights should be esteemed one of the rites of worship—this was a new departure in the religious life of Man!

To Moses belongs the inauguration of this development. Our first impression is that the task set before him was a very easy one. It seems a simple thing to teach the common duties of life. If it were a *creed* that had to be taught, if it were a system of philosophy, or even an order of worship, we could appreciate the need for a great founder; but the most ordinary mind would seem adequate to the task of saying, 'All the duties of your life are to be counted *religious* duties.' Yet in truth this impression is entirely wrong. It was simply the most difficult thing in the world for a man

of that time to reach such a conclusion. It has not been particularly easy in any age. Religion has ever tended to present itself to the mind as the antithesis to the world. Grace has ever appeared as the opposite of nature, faith as the antagonist of sight. What St. James pronounces a completed development of the religious life—the visiting of the widows and the fatherless—would still be regarded by many as only an incipient Christianity. So foreign to the natural mind is the Mosaic idea, that men in all ages have required to *grow* into it. Moses required to grow into it. Did it ever strike you that, of all the lives depicted in the Gallery, he is the most tardy in entering on his mission. All the previous figures of the Gallery accept their vocation the moment it is presented to them. Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, move at once toward the beckoning light; even Jacob does, though his old nature struggles within him. But Moses holds back. He is long in accepting, slow in obeying, late in achieving. Do you think this is an accident

in the Portrait of the Great Gallery! It is one of its most designed features. The painter of this figure knew that the sphere selected for it was not a natural sphere. Therefore he describes Moses, not as rushing into it, but as creeping into it. Let us follow the pencil of this inspired artist. He has revealed to us that process of development by which a man learns the religious value of practical morality. Let us stand in the Great Gallery and observe that process. Let us trace it; let us expound it; let us apply it to our daily lives.

There are four periods in the education of Moses—four stages through which he climbed into the place prepared for him. The first might be called his period of unconsciousness—the time when he was not a moral giver, but a moral recipient. We *all* begin with such a period. Our first lessons in morality are derived, not from the good we do, but from the good we receive. I am deeply impressed with the truth of this principle in human experience. I do not think we get our earliest

notions of morality from active service, but from passive reciprocity. Where did you first learn the beauty of justice? Was it from doing a just action? No; it was from having a just action done to you. Where did you first learn the charm of sympathy? Was it from condoling with another's distress? No; it was from being consoled with by another in *your* distress. Our original moral lessons do not come to us in the *form* of lessons, but in the form of benefits—kindness received, gifts bestowed, dangers averted, penalties remitted. It was these that wakened within us the impulse of generosity. It was these that stirred within us the sense of beneficence. It was these that set before us the ideals of chivalry. It was these that roused in our hearts the love of mercy. The recognition of the law of conscience was in the beginning an unconscious recognition; it was produced by favours received.

Now, this was the first stage of the moral training of Moses. In early days he was merely a recipient. He was more indebted to

the goodness of others than was any man in the Gallery. The writer to the Hebrews naïvely says, 'By faith Moses was hid three months.' No doubt; but by the faith of whom? Not of Moses himself, but of kind friends who wanted to give him a chance in life. The civilisation of the day had determined to give him *no* chance. It looked upon his infancy and said, 'This is one of the children unfit to live; let him die; let him make room for other and stronger lives!' And so, the culture of Egypt rejected the child Moses, cast him out to perish in the waters of the Nile. He was found by the hands of philanthropy; he was rescued by human compassion. He comes before us as a foundling, a child of charity. He is the first of that great company of waifs and strays whom human benevolence has gathered into the fold. He is cast upon the waters as one unfit to survive; he is rescued by way of experiment. Human charity gives him a chance—a chance to show his *power* of survival. He is taken up by royal hands, Egyptian hands. He is

planted in an Egyptian environment; he is trained in the culture of the Pharaohs; he is withdrawn from all the associations of his own people. Everything is done to make him forget—forget his Hebrew origin, forget the traditions of his race. He is educated in Egypt's wisdom, nursed in Egypt's ritual, stimulated by Egypt's promises. If he will give his life to Egypt, the ball of fortune is already at his feet; he may, if he will, become the son of Pharaoh's daughter.

Meantime, by that same Egypt his own people are being oppressed, enslaved. Every form of injustice is being practised upon them—extortion, violence, insult, treachery, contempt, scorn. The eye of young Moses sees that injustice. How has he come to see it? Simply by his own experience of the contrary. By her very kindness to himself, Egypt has taught him her *unkindness* to his countrymen. She has put into his hands the mirror by which he sees and condemns her. And so, the first period closes and the second period begins. When next the scene opens, Moses is a young

man. He stands on the brow of life's hill. There has come to him that period which comes to every man—the hour when he is called to make his choice between two roads in life. The writer to the Hebrews does not scruple to say that the choice presented to Moses was identical with the choice presented to Christ, 'By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.'

And is he not right! Was not the choice of Christ in the wilderness precisely the choice of Moses! The tempter said to the Son of Man, 'Which of the two will you have—royalty or rags?' He offered Him on the one hand the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, on the other a life of privation for the good of humanity. The reproach of Christ was that He chose the latter. He lost favour in the eyes of men, because He preferred the life of humanitarian sacrifice to the life of gilded splendour. Even such was the choice of Moses. He selected that alternative which

was afterwards Christ's reproach. Two destinies lay before him—to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter or to be a son of despised Israel—to bask in the sunshine of Egypt or to share the obloquy of the Hebrew race. Which should he take—the glitter or the gloom? Should he ascend into a position of worldly glory, or should he go down into a life of virtuous obscurity? It is a moment of crisis—that crisis which marks the transition from youth to manhood. Presently, his decision is made; he has chosen. He will go down. He will take the lot of his people. He will forego his bright prospects, forego the glitter and the gold. He descends into the valley; and the world laughs loud and long. The hearing of that laugh is the bitterest part of the pain; it is the message of Egypt's reproach. 'What matter!' says the writer to the Hebrews, 'a greater than Moses is to bear the same reproach in the days to come; he may well endure a ridicule which has placed him on the path of the Son of Man!'

Here closes the second period. It is the

period in which he abjures the world and withdraws from its temptations. Is it, then, the completion of his training? No; there is still a great gulf fixed between him and his goal. To abjure evil is much, but it is not all. It is only half of the process—the ascetic half. The task for which Moses was training was humanitarianism—the taking up of the burdens of Man. That which was required of him was no mere abjuration of the world; it was a reforming of the world. It was not simply a refusal to join in the oppression of his people; it was the effort to lift that oppression. Accordingly, when the third period of Moses opens, the impression we receive is one of disappointment. The youth has become a middle-aged man; the courtier of Egypt has become a shepherd in Midian. The ardour of his choice has not been supplemented by ardour of deed. Its only result has been asceticism. He has fled from the scene where his people were oppressed, but he has done nothing to relieve the oppression. He has been seemingly wasting his time. It would have been a real

waste of time in any other sphere ; but in the sphere of morality the example of Moses is to become a precedent. I am struck by the fact that between the age of moral choice and the period of outward action the Bible loves to interpose a time of rest. The Child-Jesus sees His mission at the age of twelve, but only enters upon it at the age of thirty. The man of Tarsus beholds a light from heaven and is eager at once to follow it ; but he is sent for three years to ponder in the solitudes of Arabia. There is a time in moral history when a voice says to every man, 'Come up into this desert place, and rest a while!' It would seem as if the morning were not the test of a man, as if the hour of excitement were not the hour of surest promise. The Divine Voice says : 'Go, and think over it. Do not yield at once to the impulse of the morning. Try how long it will survive. Test it by the circling of the hours. See if it will outlast the season of excitement. You can march to battle at the sound of trumpet and the beat of drum ; can you be resolute for the

struggle when there are no accompaniments of glory! Only *then* can you say that you have received your call.'

That is the meaning of a saying which is applied to Moses during this third period, 'He endured as seeing Him who is invisible.' It means that Moses kept his humanitarian impulse in the absence of human motives—kept it spite of silence and solitude, kept it when the sands of life were low. He had never ceased to hear that suppressed cry which from the days of his youth had sounded through the land of bondage—the cry of that enslaved Israel whose blood was his own. And now the probation is over, and the call comes. The fourth period opens. The scene is the desert of Horeb where Moses has gone to tend his flocks. It is a day of sweltering heat; the bushes seem on fire. The shepherd is weary—wearied from the burden of the sun, weary from the burden at his heart. He lies down to rest. He fixes his eye on one of the seared and flaming bushes—a stability favourable to slumber. In that attitude he falls

asleep. He dreams. His dream is half from nature, half from God. God speaks to him through the environment he had himself chosen. He had fixed his waking eye on one flaming bush. That one bush remained in his dream. It seemed to burn perpetually, yet inconsumably. Then, from the midst of it, there came a voice—the voice of the Lord. And what it said was virtually this: ‘Moses, it is *I* that am burning. It is I that am on fire with the pain of humanity. It is I that am scorched with the heat of man’s day. It is time now you came to help Me. You have lived long enough in the *sentiment*; it is time you began to act. You have had the righteousness to abandon Egypt; but there awaits you a deeper righteousness. You must go back to Egypt once more—to bring out My treasures. You have pitied the burning bush; you must become *part* of that bush. You have refused to conform to the fashion of Egypt; you must consent to lead the humanitarian band.’

For, be it observed that the call of Moses is a call to humanitarianism. There is nothing

local about it, nothing national. He is not sent simply to break the bonds of a people. His ultimate mission is to *give* them bonds—bonds of a new kind—the bonds of human brotherhood. He is sent to put them under law in a region where before they were lawless. He is to bind each man by the rights of his brother—by the claims of justice, by the ties of sympathy, by the instincts of the heart. He is to introduce a restraining force, a force which will say, 'Thou shalt not.' Not the liberation from Egypt, but the binding of Mount Sinai, is the supreme object of the mission of Moses. He is awakened into humanitarianism that he may lead his countrymen into the service of Man.

For, remember that the law of Mount Sinai is a humanitarian law. It is not local, it is not temporal; it is human. When Moses ascended the mount to commune with God, he ascended 'above all principalities and powers.' He went up to receive a law which was to be distinctive of no nation—which was to be neither Jewish nor Egyptian nor Greek nor

Roman nor English, but the property of the whole world—of man as Man. And when he came down from the mount, it was such a law he *brought* with him—a law which broke the boundaries of separate lands, which rested the obligations of morality on things which were universal, which proclaimed the sacredness of the family and the value of life and the rights of personal possession and the solemnity of man's word to man. And why was Moses thus successful in the framing of a universal law? I have no hesitation in saying it was because he had felt the needs of the lowest. The needs of men at the foot of the ladder are the needs of man universal. If Moses had only been trained in the wants of *Egypt*, he would only have been the lawgiver for the *upper* classes, for the men who possessed 'the treasures.' But when he was trained in the wants of the slave population, when he was confronted by the bush of life as it burned in the *valley*, he met with the wants of humanity itself. The sorrows of the valley are cosmopolitan sorrows—they will be found on

plain and mountain too. There are wants on plain and mountain that do not reach the vale; but the wants of the vale ascend to plain and mountain. He who has felt the fire of the bush in Midian is able to legislate for the *world*.

I believe the cosmopolitan character of the work of Moses is the thought which dominates the final scene with which the Great Gallery associates his name. That final scene is painted with dramatic boldness; Moses is buried in an unknown sepulchre by the hand of God alone. What is symbolised in the burial by the hand of God we need not inquire. Perhaps it is a metaphorical way of saying that he was buried by Nature, not by Man. Did he ascend the heights of Pisgah as an explorer of the Promised Land? Was he smitten on the summit by the winter cold; and did he, in returning, leave his body wrapped in wreaths of snow? We cannot tell. But, one thing is clear. In the thought of the artist, in the thought of the Great Gallery, the hiding of his burial-place is a *designed*

thing. Whence this concealment? Lest his countrymen should reverence him too much? I think the meaning of the artist is the contrary. It was lest his countrymen should reverence him too little, should localise him, should say, 'He is one of ours.' In the concealment of the body of Moses the Divine Voice is represented as proclaiming: 'I do not want this to be a local man. I do not want him to be the man of a class or party. I do not want men to say that he is a Hebrew teacher, a Syrian teacher, an Egyptian teacher. I want him to belong to the *world*—in the length of it, in the breadth of it. I would have him claimed by no nation; I would have him associated with no soil; I would have him known as the property of Man.'

And has not Moses fulfilled that destiny! Has the first voice of Sinai ever lost its cosmopolitan ring! Have its commands ever become merely national! 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God'—is *that* national; is it not the voice to humanity! 'Thou shalt not make any graven image'—is that national; is it not the

ignoring of all physical limits! 'Honour thy father and thy mother'—is that national; are not the ties of family universal! 'Thou shalt not kill'—is that national; is not life *everywhere* dear! 'Thou shalt not steal'—is that national; are not possessions everywhere precious! 'Thou shalt not bear false witness'—is that national; have not all lands sought the secret of truth! Even the command to keep a day of rest, seemingly the most local of all the Decalogue precepts, is based upon no national observance—no Jewish holiday, no patriotic anniversary, no commemoration of a people's triumph. It is based upon the fact of creation, on the constitution of Nature itself, on that design of the world which makes all things one, 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth.' Such universalism is grand—in the old world it is unique. It can only belong to a race which has in it the consciousness and the conscience of humanity—a race which feels within its veins not merely its native blood, but the blood of all ages and the

heart of all climes. Such a race had a *right* to its Messianic aspirations.

REVEAL to me, O Lord, that fire which burns and yet does not consume—the fire of love! My life will be consumed *without* the burning of that fire. It is want of enthusiasm that kills me, wears me away. My soul dies through lack of burning. I never really live unless I catch fire. The danger of my bush is not its heat, but its wilderness. It is the commonplace that consumes me. I am never so weary as when I am aimless, never so fatigued as when I have nothing to do. Set fire to my heart, O Lord! Kindle me into the love of humanity! Inflammé me with the passion to make my brother glad! Give me a telepathic sense of others' pain! Let me feel the sorrows of those to whom Egypt is a foreign land—who are not adapted to their life's environment! Lay on my heart the burden of the bondsman, the troubles of the toiler, the weights of the weary! Help me to live for a

day, for an hour, yea, even for a moment, in the experience of human struggle! Call me up to the burning bush where Thou dwellest, where Thou sufferest! Teach me that the burning bush is the Tree of Life in the midst of Thy Paradise! I speak of the fires of hell; teach me that there is a fire in heaven—a sense of sorrows not my own! Give me this Divine pain, *Thy* pain, the pain of Calvary! When I have overcome my selfish heart I shall inherit Thy Tree of Life—that burning bush of sacrifice which is the glory of Thy Garden.

CHAPTER XI

JOSHUA THE PROSAIC

THERE is a type of human character which belongs to all ages and to all nations, but which is absent from all *national* galleries. I allude to the type of humanity called prosaic. When a nation employs the hand of a painter to place on canvas the figures of the men she deems heroic, she never includes among these the *prosaic* man. She may include the man immersed in ordinary business ; Confucius was such a man—and China painted Confucius. But then, Confucius was a business *director*. He was not the *subject* of commercial and municipal rules ; he was the maker of these rules ; that itself removes him from prosaic associations. The prosaic man is the subordinate man, the man who obeys orders. It matters very little in what sphere these orders

are received. The cleaner of telescopes for the observations of a Galileo is not a whit nearer to the stars than is the carrier of parcels for a firm of merchandise. He, too, is but a carrier of parcels; he is not the inaugurator of his own work—he is deriving his movement from the impact of others.

I have said that such a man figures in no national gallery. But he figures in the one gallery that is *not* national—the Gallery of the Bible. Here there emerges into heroic prominence that type which everywhere else has been esteemed the reverse of heroic—the man who obeys orders. We should have missed something if in this Gallery there had been no place prepared for *him*, if the sphere of subordinate duty had been the one spot where the possibility of heroism was not recognised. Hitherto, as these successive figures have passed before us, we have not found a representative of subordinate duty. All the spheres we have examined have been those of leaders or of such as *wish* to be leaders. Adam wants to rule the Garden. Abel wants an independent

worship. Enoch and Noah want to change the fashion. Abraham seeks to found a state. Isaac labours to consolidate a household. Jacob aspires to establish a priesthood. Joseph dreams of a city of gold. Moses aims at universal legislation. There has been no place as yet for the follower, the satellite, the man who obeys orders. There has been no recognition of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water—of those whose mission is not to plan, but to execute, and whose action constitutes three-fourths of the conduct of life.

But now this recognition is coming. A figure is about to appear which is to embody the desiderated idea. That figure is Joshua. He is from beginning to end the representative of the satellite, of the men who *follow*. As we pass from Moses to Joshua we feel as if we were passing from poetry to prose. Practical though Moses was, his sphere was on the height. The mountain was his native element. It was on the mountain that he had to prepare for the plain. It was the soul of a poet that led him to glorify common things; his sober

practice came from his ecstatic elevation. Joshua, on the other hand, had never stood on the height, had never *required* to occupy it. He had not possessed the genius to discover the Promised Land. He was no explorer, no investigator, no Columbus. His work began where that of Columbus ended. When *he* entered on the scene *his* America had been already found. Moses was moving toward the Land of Promise. Everything had been planned; everything had been arranged. All that was needed was a patient drudge to execute the orders—a man who would be content to take the servant's place. No prophetic vision was required, no foresight, no insight. The thing wanted was rather an *absence* of these qualities—a man who would not look before him, who would not look within him, who would simply listen for the word of command, and do as he was bid. The head and the heart of the enterprise were already there; all that remained was to seek a *hand*.

Now, this place was to be filled by Joshua.

More than any other figure of the Gallery he represents the working man. From first to last his duties were mechanical. He began with the post of a servant, and he ended with the post of a servant. He never at any time reaped personal credit from his achievements—not even when he was head of the army. He was always indebted to circumstances. The results he achieved were stupendous; they more directly influenced the modern world than did the life of Abraham or the prime-ministry of Joseph, for the conquest of Canaan issued in the creed of Christendom. Yet Joshua comes not before us as a pioneer. He appears merely as an instrument. He seems to be *led* into the Promised Land. He is rather an occasion than a cause. The wreaths of victory fell not on *him*. The prize of glory eluded his grasp. He was ever merely an instrument. He is only once recorded as using his own judgment—when he made a league with Gibeon; and on that occasion he was overreached. He may be described epigrammatically as a man who made a fortune

whose acquisition was ever afterwards attributed to another. He could well have reversed the words of a later countryman and said, '*I have laboured, and other men have entered into my labours—have reaped the glory of what I have sown.*'

Let me now proceed to illustrate this feature of the Portrait of Joshua. We first meet with him in the battle of Rephidim. He is still a young man; but he has been intrusted with the entire command of the forces during the engagement. One would think that this was a very responsible post, and that the man who held it was the main factor in the battle. Not thus is it represented in the Great Gallery. Here, the real scene of battle is placed outside the physical combat altogether—on the top of a hill where Moses stands in prayer! The alternations of the battle do not come from the movements of the contending parties. They come from the variations of intensity with which the *petitions* rise. Moses is the real combatant; the prayers of Moses are the real weapons. Are the hands of Moses lifted

in supplication; then Joshua is seen to triumph. Are the hands of Moses drooping wearily; then *Amalek* gains ground. Does Joshua at last achieve the victory over Amalek; it is not by might, nor power, nor skill; it is because the supplicating hands of Moses have been held up by other hands and prevented from growing weary. The battle of Rephidim is a battle of will-force—the will-force of one not engaged in the fray. That is the Picture in the Gallery. Joshua fights with Amalek on the plain, and Amalek falls back before the sword of Joshua. But the real fighting power is not on the plain, not with the sword, not in Joshua. It is up on a neighbouring mountain, where an old man stands and prays that Joshua may win. It is this will-force called *prayer* that sways the battle. It is this silent thing, this voiceless thing, this unseen and unheard thing, that is the prime mover, the real mover. It is this that nerves the arm of Israel; it is this that repels the host of Amalek. Joshua might be nowhere. He is a cypher, a mute, a pageant set on the way to hide the *real* source of power.

Do not imagine that this is an accidental trait in the delineation of the great artist. It is the most deliberate touch of his pencil. The battle of Rephidim is not merely a *preliminary* event; it is a typical event. It is a keynote, a prelude to the whole piece. In all the shifting of the scenes there is no shifting of the principle. Joshua may be transferred from the desert to the Promised Land; he may be raised from the business of a delegate into the post of a leader; he may assume the outward robe which Moses used to wear—but, place him where you will, clothe him as you will, he never ceases to be a subaltern. His work is ever that of a subordinate. Apparently a mighty conqueror, he has at no time either the kingdom, the power, or the glory. His position is that of an instrument blown by the wind into strains of harmony. He derives no credit from his own melodies. He is a passive agent in their formation. They come not *from* him; they only breathe *through* him; he is himself the product of a higher will.

He stands before the walls of Jericho. His

army is equipped for battle. All is ready for the assault. Every preparation has been made to storm the city, to vindicate the military glory of the nation. The issue of the siege is not doubtful; God has promised that Israel shall possess the land. Why, then, delay! Why not give the signal to advance, and sweep like an avalanche upon the foe! So, perhaps, thinks Joshua. Not such is the will of the Almighty. The voice of God comes to him and says: 'I send you to do great deeds, but you shall go by a lowly path—by the way of the valley. Leave the battle to Me, the shaking of the walls to Me! Take you the *servant's* post, the menial's post! Walk round the city in procession, you and your followers; walk, and blow the trumpets! Once every day, for six days, shall you compass it; and on the seventh day you shall compass it many times! Make no effort to break through the fortified places! *I* will make the breach; keep you to the marching and the blowing of the trumpets! Do not ask what is the use of your work; do not say that your talents are bound in a

napkin! No man is an agent in the *history* of this world. I alone am the agent. It is I who make the breach in the walls of *every* Jericho. The most brilliant deed of man is only a signal for the moving of My hand. All are but blowers of the trumpet; all are but beaters of the drum. Why should you object to be a public revelation of that which is really a universal law!'

Again. He stands on the field of Gibeon—that bloodiest and most decisive field in the war for the conquest of Canaan. Yet, decisive as it was, it owed not its finality to Joshua. The Bible virtually says that the narrative of the battle is encumbered with legend. We will try to disentangle it from the legend. Five kings of the Amorites have combined their forces to overwhelm the little state of Gibeon. Gibeon has made a league with Israel—that is her *offence*. The five kings are afraid to attack Israel, but they will punish that small kingdom which has proclaimed itself her ally. Against such heavy odds Gibeon cannot stand. She sends up a cry of great despair. Joshua

hears it. Should he allow his ally to perish for *being* an ally! His heart forbids it. It is true, Gibeon has obtained the alliance by false pretences; but she *has* obtained it. Joshua regards Gibeon as blind old Isaac had regarded Jacob. Gibeon, like Jacob, had obtained a promise by deceit; none the less, the promise, once given, was the will of God. It may have been wrong to make it; now that it was made, it was a part of God's universe. Joshua will confirm the blessing to Gibeon as Isaac confirmed the blessing to Jacob. He will not let her be crushed on *his* account. He will hasten to her relief; he will defend her; he will rescue her.

And so, the army of Gibeon and the army of Israel join hands against the host of the Amorites; and there is fought one of the bloodiest fights of history. It is to me one of the most interesting battles of the Bible, because it is fought, not for revenge, not for supremacy, not even for the cause of the Hebrew race, but simply and solely for motives humanitarian—for honour, for chivalry. It is

fought in behalf of a foreign land, in the impulse of human generosity, in obedience to the claims of man as man. One would almost think that the principles of the universal Decalogue had begun to inoculate the people of Israel, and that through the roar of battle and the clang of national jealousies there were discerned already the still small voice of brotherhood.

Here, then, is an occasion for romantic heroism! Joshua has come in chivalry; will not the conflict prove his personal prowess; will not his arm this day be revealed as the conquering arm! Such we expect; but such we do not find. The struggle at Gibeon is undertaken by the generosity of Joshua; but it is decided by the elements of nature. In the midst of the combat the sky is overcast and a storm gathers. From ever-deepening clouds there pours a torrent of fierce hail, which the wind bears right into the faces of the Amorites. They are disheartened; it seems as if heaven were shooting its arrows in favour of Israel. By and by the darkness

becomes dense. The expression of the narrative is, 'The sun became silent.' It is not, 'The sun stood still,' as our translation has it. The silence of light is a metaphor not for continuous shining, but for ceasing to shine. We read of the morning stars 'singing together'; this means that they were shining together. What the Amorites see at Gibeon is not a prolonged day, but a premature night. And that night is their destruction. Beyond all things they are afraid of darkness. Their God is the sunshine. This premature sunset at Gibeon makes them feel that God has averted His countenance; He is against their enterprise, on the side of their enemies.¹ Vain is it to strive, vain is it to dare! Panic seizes them—the panic of believing that God has hid His face. They faint, they totter, they break into fragments. Unprepared for work in the night, they have no torches—they cannot fly. But Israel has torches, for *her* God rules by

¹ I understand Joshua x. 12 to mean that Joshua saw the sky overclouding and uttered a prayer for a premature darkness so that it might confound the Amorites.

night as well as by day. And so, Israel presses forward, and the Amorites fall thick and fast. It is a crushing defeat and a deadly carnage. But *again* is Joshua only a follower of the stream. Here, as at Rephidim, here, as at Jericho, his part has been that of a spectator. He has not been a leader; he has been a satellite. He has derived his power from influences not his own—from the wind, from the hail, from the darkness. The possession of genius has been denied him; the gift of originality has been denied him; his one merit has been that he has been content to take the lower room.

I wonder if any one realises what a merit that really is. I have said that the *national* galleries do not. There are three classes of men in this world—the men in *advance* of their time, the men *up* to their time, and the men *following* their time. The first are decidedly original; they have their place in *every* gallery. The second are *trying* to be original; and they have their place in *many* galleries. The third have no originality; they wait to obey orders;

and they have a place in *no* gallery—save in that of the Bible. But I think, in preparing a place for this third class, the Bible Gallery has shown a superior discernment. For, have you considered the merit of a man like Joshua! Have you considered the extreme difficulty of doing exclusively the work of routine! That work, as I have said, comprehends three-fourths of the business of life. It is the most necessary work in the world. Without it, human society would be dissolved in a single year. But, because it is the most *common* work, do we imagine it is therefore the easiest! To my mind, the marvels of humanity are not the men on the mount, but the men perpetually on the plain. I think Moses a greater man than Joshua; but I can *account* for Moses better than I can account for Joshua. I can understand why a man of high poetic instinct and strong aspirings after glory should occasionally do a commonplace thing well. But that a man whose feet have never touched the hills, that a man whose eye has never seen the heights, should repeat from day to day the

habitual task and make no mistake therein—this is, to me, the miracle of miracles, this is the wonder of the world !

We often express surprise that one who has for years been employed in routine work should, at the eleventh hour, make a glaring mistake. Our surprise is founded on the notion that the longer we pursue the same mechanical routine, the better we shall perform it. I believe it to be just the reverse. I have been told by preachers who were compelled to speak from memory, that they nowhere felt in such danger of tripping as in the Lord's Prayer. Why so? Simply because they knew it so mechanically. Its words had become to them a matter of routine; they were so familiar that they had ceased to waken self-reflection. It is precisely the same with the reiteration of every process which is merely physical. Tell Joshua to take, each day, a certain number of steps round Jericho, tell him to blow, each day, a certain number of blasts in front of the city, and it is probable his steps will *decrease* in accuracy and his blasts

diminish in regularity. And if, in spite of this probability, Joshua obeys to the letter, if, in spite of prognostics to the contrary, he keeps the order of the march and of the signals, ought we not to conclude that Joshua is a worthy man—a man worthy of all reverence, deserving of all esteem, demanding a permanent place in the gallery of human souls!

The truth is, there is a kind of service that we have not sufficiently appreciated—the service given by unpoetic souls. The popular view is that unpoetic souls are better able to be drudges *by reason of* their want of poetry. We say, 'Martha is a matter-of-fact woman; it is *natural* to her to have much serving.' It is not; it is *unnatural* to her; and it is so precisely because she *is* a matter-of-fact woman. The service of Martha is a sacrifice to duty. She has been obliged to put duty in the place of poetic impulse. She is working under privation—the want of poetry. She is in the position of one of the blind who make baskets; she would make them better with sight, but she must do the best she can with

her existing faculties ; and she deserves credit for doing so well in such adverse circumstances. Now, remember that the large majority are in Martha's position. The mass of mankind have no illuminative vision. Is it not a great credit to them that they do their work without it ! Does it not show that there is a strong sacrificial power on the common plane of humanity, when the men who cannot stand on Mount Nebo nor see the burning bush in the wilderness are yet able, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, to go the prescribed round and perform the allotted task !

And is it not well that this merit should be acknowledged ! If other galleries have *neglected* to acknowledge it, is it not well that the old Hebrew Bible has repaired the omission ! Moses would have had his place in *any* gallery ; Joshua has his place *only here*. I plead the claims of Joshua ! I defend the selection which has given him a recognition in the records of the human race ! I am glad he has received a niche in the temple of fame, a

corner amid the representative men of the world! Let him keep that corner—let the class which he represents keep it! Let the men who toil in the vineyard for the pay of each hour receive a tribute *beyond* the hour—the tribute of human admiration for work done without the support of an adequate motive and under the pressure of commonplace routine! That will be our best monument to the memory of Joshua!

L ORD, there are times when I get work to do whose good I cannot see! Sometimes, before the walls of Jericho, there is put into my hand a trumpet when I think it should be a sword! Sometimes I am sent a long circuitous march when I expect to be retained for the assault! These moments are very hard to me. It is not the *work* that is hard; it is the want of vision. It is easy enough to blow the trumpet; it is a light thing to walk round the city. The hard thing is to see the *good* of it, to believe that I am not

shunted from the race. Help me at such moments, O Lord, to say, 'One step enough for me'! When the distant scene is denied me, when the gloom encircles me, when the things of to-morrow are veiled from me, help me to say, 'One step enough for me'! When the voice of Moses is heard no more on the hill, when the Song of Miriam has been drowned by the roaring wind, when the fire of the bush has been hid by intervening trees, help me to say, 'One step enough for me'! Let the one step be the ordered step, the commanded step! Let me not ask how the sound of my trumpet can aid the fall of Jericho! Let me not ask why I am to go round about when there is a short and easy way! If I am not to be Moses, let me be Joshua; if I am not to see the *whole*, let me see nothing—let me leave all to *Thee*! I would have no half-vision, O my Father, for half-vision is a misleading thing. Either let me see the Promised Land with Moses, or with Joshua let me be led blindfold by *Thee*! When I see not the Promised Land, let me feel the Promised

Hand! When I behold not Thine Ararat, let me touch Thine *Arm!* When I view not Thy Glory, let me have Thy *Guidance!* When there is no dove from heaven, let there be a duty of the hour! When I have lost sight of Thy coming, let me strain the ear for Thy command! I shall not weep the want of the wing if only I can say, 'One step enough for me'!

CHAPTER XII

SAMUEL THE SEER

I HAVE said that there is a distinction between the earlier and the later forms in the Great Gallery — that, contrary to expectation, we proceed from the ideal to the actual. We have seen the religious life beginning in that which transcends the life of the hour, seeking a larger environment than that which earth can give. We have seen the Adams claiming a wider garden, and the Enochs aspiring to a fairer world. The story of the Tower of Babel itself, though the record of an act of impiety, is singularly illustrative of the religious tendencies of the Early Gallery; it shows us the child-man still in search of a building 'behind the veil.' But, as we enter further into the Gallery, we have observed a change. We have witnessed in Moses the beginning of

a new régime. Religion has come down from the clouds to tread the narrow way, the common, dusty way. This Gallery tells us it has been with first faith as it is with first poetry. Poetry begins with the stars, and clothes celestial things in human forms. But by and by it descends. Its whole *history* has been a descent—a gradual stooping from the height to the valley. Each step has been a step nearer to the commonplace. Its dawn has been with the gods of mythology, its morning with the heroes of Homer, its forenoon with Dante's vision of human destiny, its midday with Milton's moral retrospect, its evening with Wordsworth's little girl sitting with her porringer beside the grave. Even such is the course which this Gallery claims for *religion*—a path from the high to the lowly, a road from the gold to the grey, a progress from the stones of the heavenly temple to the stones of the earthly quarry.

Is the Gallery right? Yes; it is true to experience. It describes the course of faith in the heart of every man. At the opening of

life we see God in mysterious things—things which we cannot understand. We see Him in sudden death ; we hear Him in the thunder-storm ; we trace His footprints in the dread catastrophe. As we advance in years our standpoint is changed ; we find God nearer the ground. We begin to discover Him in what we *do* understand. We used to see His wonders in what we believed to be abnormal ; but there comes a time when the marvel of a thing is its *naturalness*. The Psalmist says, ‘Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things *in Thy law*’—‘in Thy commonplace requirements.’ He had always been able to find such marvels in what he believed to be *outside* the law—the miraculous, the supernatural, the inexplicable. But he feels that the triumph of worship only truly comes when God is revered in His *ordinary* steps and recognised in the objects of the common day. He feels that the summer of religion will only be reached in that hour when the duties of prosaic life shall be duties done to God, and when Man’s interest in the affairs of Man shall be

recognised as his surrender to the Father's will.

I can almost trace the steps of gradation which mark the phases of faith displayed by the Great Gallery. At the most remote end of the Gallery stands Enoch. He has a far-away look. His eye is upturned toward the heavens. His God is *there*, and he feels that he must ascend there to find Him. Then comes Noah. With him the Divine Spirit is no longer a silent spectator in the *heavens*; He moves on the face of the waters; He reveals His presence in the flood. Religion has come into contact with the earth, has shown itself as a world-power. Still, it has only touched the world on a *grand* scale. It has revealed itself in a big catastrophe, in a mighty revolution, in a stupendous act of Providence. Man needs more than *that* for his spiritual sustenance. And so, as we traverse the Gallery, the Divine Spirit comes nearer still. It meets Man in his hours of special trouble. It meets the toiling Abraham under the oak of Mamre, the fretted Isaac in his struggles at Gerar, the

impoverished Jacob in his pillow of stone at Bethel. Yet Man wants more than even this. Life is not made up of moments fraught with crisis. It is made up of moments fraught with commonplace; and, if we would have a present God, He must meet us *here*. And so, God draws nearer still to Man's ordinary day. He comes to Moses in the revelation of a universal law—the law of conscience dictating the duty between man and man. Can He approach closer than that? Yes. *That* was the revelation of God in the *community*. But I want more than the life of the community; I want my own life made strong. Therefore, by and by, there appears in the Gallery a life distinguished only in this, that his physical strength is inspired by God, that his bodily force is stimulated and renewed by the direct action of the Divine Spirit. In that Picture—the figure of *Samson*, the Divine has come into closer touch with the human than even in the Portrait of Moses. *That* was the illumination of conscience; *this* is an illumination more condescending still—the entrance of the

Divine strength into a tabernacle of human clay.

I shall not linger, however, before the figure of Samson. I pass him by, for the simple reason that he is not the climax of the process. The climax appears in the next figure—Samuel. In Moses we have God touching the moral man ; in Samson we have God touching the physical man ; but in Samuel we have a deeper stretch of condescension—God in communion with the life of a child. You have seen the noonday sun, in the course of its progress, centre for a moment its illumination on one corner of a valley. Even such is the illumination of Samuel. The light of heaven which has been long impending reaches in him the corner of the valley. We see a meeting of extremes—God and the child. That Divine Life which has dwelt in the heavens, moved in the flood, throbbed in the night of Bethel, and glittered in the revealings of Sinai, is seen concentrating its whole energy on the inspiring of a little boy. It is the latest stooping of the Spirit of God

which the Gallery has yet proclaimed. Come, and let us meditate on this bridal of the earth and sky, this newest marriage ring which God has wrought for Man! Let us try to disregard all local circumstances! Let us ignore the things peculiar to the time; let us fix our eyes on that which is universal! Let us consider the meaning of this Portrait, not to the house of Israel, not to the house of Eli, not even to that visible house of God where the Jewish Priesthood ministered, but to you and me, to the furthest ends of the world, to the heart and conscience of humanity!

In the days when the High Priest Eli was Judge of Israel, there appeared in the sanctuary of Shiloh a wonderful child; his name was Samuel. It was a dark and stormy time; there were fears within and fightings without. Israel was climbing a steep hill—arduously, painfully. Her progress was slow; she was alternately worsted and victorious—to-day left in the valley, to-morrow gaining a height. And the struggle was more arduous from the fact that there was no prophecy. It was an

age of materialism. The hands of Moses were no longer uplifted on the mountain; the eyes of Moses no longer gazed on a promised glory. Religion had become a form; its *spirit* had fled. There were few remains left of that heroic time when Joshua had fought for God, and Deborah had sung for God. The nation had lost its poetry, and had lost its faith. These had to be recreated, kindled anew at the lamp of heaven. Where was the new kindling to begin? Where was the Divine Spirit to touch the world once more? In the heart of the sage? No. In the breast of the old man? No. In the leaders of the Jewish armies? No. It was to begin in the soul of a little child. Out of the mouth of a babe in knowledge, God was to ordain strength. All Israel was startled by the tidings that there had appeared a prophetic *child*. From Dan to Beersheba there ran a thrill of wonder. Israel had been asking when the next Moses would appear. Here he came—in the garb of a tiny boy! Men were speechless with surprise. It was a surprise that was never to be

equalled until that day when Christ was to put a little child in the centre of the apostolic band.

Was he a miracle—this little Samuel? No—in the view characteristic of the Bible he is the real and normal aspect of humanity. So normal is he that Christ says we must all return to his state before we can become seers. What, think you, does Jesus mean when He declares that we can only realise the beauty of the kingdom through the eyes of a little child? Is it not simply this, that to see the beauty of anything we require a *first* eye? Take the Bible itself. Perhaps of all literary productions it is, from a literary point of view, the least appreciated. Why so? Just because its words are the most familiar. To see the beauties of the Bible, one would require to say to us what the prophet said to Hezekiah, ‘Let the shadow go back ten degrees!’ We should need to be transported back into life’s morning, to divest ourselves of all preconceived opinions, to imagine that we were reading the record for the first time. That is precisely the standpoint which Christianity promises to create. It

professes to make old things new, in other words, to let us see the old things as they *looked* when they were new, and so to give us a true sense of their power and beauty. What is this but to recreate in us the life of Samuel! What is this but to say that the true seer must ever be a child, that, however grown-up he be, it is by the survival of his childhood that he sees the kingdom of God! Little Samuel is *no* miracle. He reveals the normal law of faith. He is the first of the prophets because he is the first of inspired children. He is a representative *man* in religion because he is a representative child. All seers of God's kingdom have seen it by the light of their childhood. We do not drop our childhood when we become men; we carry it with us *into* the life of men. Every sage bears within his bosom a little Samuel—an instinctive child-life which concludes without reasoning, adores without arguments, worships without symbols, prays without words. The man who listens to *this* voice is a prophet of the Kingdom.

Let us look now at the *form* in which this voice came to the child Samuel. We all like to witness the beginning of things. We learn more from the origin of a process than from all its *future* manifestations. We are permitted to witness the first hour of the religious vision of Samuel. If that first hour were something abnormal, it would not be worth considering. But it is not abnormal ; it is the rule according to which all Divine vision comes. There are two things about Samuel's illumination which are very prominent in the Picture, and which seem to me to be typical of religious illumination in general. Let us glance at each of them as they are exhibited in the Great Gallery.

The first is that the call of Samuel does not come to him as a call from heaven, but as a voice from earth. This is all the more remarkable in the light of the fact that from the very outset Samuel was placed in a religious environment. His parents wished him to be a *pious* child. From the dawn of his intelligence they consigned him to the care of the High Priest Eli, in whose house he became a

servant. His employment was in the things of the sanctuary. He ministered in the temple of Shiloh. What he did, we do not exactly know. Of course, it must have been work external to the actual service of the sanctuary; yet he wore a little ephod to mark the fact that he was engaged in temple duty. In any case, he was breathing every moment the atmosphere of the house of God and using every day the symbols of things Divine. We expect it will be in the discharge of these duties that his illumination will come. No. It is when the work of the day is done, when the little priest has retired to rest, that the message from heaven greets him. And it does not greet him *as* a message from heaven. A voice cries 'Samuel!'—he never dreams it is any other voice than that of Eli. He rises from his couch to get his orders from *human* lips; 'I did not call you,' says his master. He lies down again; and again a voice cries 'Samuel!' A second time he deems it to be only human; a second time he is told there has been no human call. Once

more he seeks his rest, and once more the voice cries 'Samuel!' Even then he believes it to be human; even then he deems it a summons from earthly lips. The voice of God has assumed the accents of a man.

Now, in this feature of the Portrait the artist has recorded not an abnormal, but a universal symptom of the religious life. Our deepest impressions of spiritual things come to us indirectly. It is not by a voice from *heaven* that a man believes himself to be in the presence of God; it is by the blending of *earthly* voices. When two or three circumstances, distinctively different in origin and emanating from different points of the compass, appear to converge towards one definite result, we are constrained to say, 'This is the will of God.' How does a man get inspired with the belief that God has a mission for him? By imagining he hears voices from the sky? Very rarely has it been *thus*. In the large majority of cases the sense of a Divine mission has come from observing how independent events have conspired in place and time to

further an individual destiny. An Egyptian princess happens to be passing when a child is floating on the Nile river; that child in after years will probably feel that his life was preserved for *something*. A band of Ishmaelites is on its journey at the very spot and hour in which a boy is about to experience violence; that boy in the days to come will claim a special destiny. A ram is caught by the horns in a thicket at the very moment when a man is debating within himself what would be the most suitable burnt offering; that ram will assuredly be accepted as the object of sacrifice preferred by heaven.

There is a remarkable passage in the Jewish Scriptures, 'Ye shall hear a voice *behind* you, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it!"' I believe that to the Jew the voice of God *ever* came from behind—from the region of past experience. He followed because he felt he had been already led—led by a stream of tendencies over which he had no control, and whose united currents had been produced by a connection he could not understand. He

heard the Divine because he had first heard the human. The voice of God came to him as the voice of Eli—as the voice of *earthly* influences. It was in looking back that he saw their sacred character. It was in *retrospect* that he recognised the presence of the Spirit of God beneath those seemingly mechanical movements which had shaped his worldly way.

But there is a second feature in this call of Samuel which is worthy of our attention. From the moment in which he recognised the real origin of the message, he perceived it to be something which would disturb the calm of his life. It brought not peace, but a sword. What *was* this message which young Samuel received? It was the command to denounce the wickedness of the house of Eli. I do not suppose that he then heard of this wickedness for the first time; doubtless there had already rung in his ears many human complaints. But now for the first time it was borne in upon him that these human complaints were the voice of *God*. His conscience told him that, if he were a true minister at the Divine altar, it was

incumbent on him to bring before the High Priest Eli the iniquity of his own family. When conscience spoke, Samuel resolved to obey ; but consider what that resolve meant to him ! To obey it, was to endanger all his worldly interests. It was likely to procure his dismissal from the service of the High Priest ; and to be dismissed from the service of a High Priest would be, in the opinion of the Jewish race, to contract an indelible stain. The choice before Samuel was the choice between the rose and the thistle. On the one side was comfort for the present and an open door for the future ; on the other there was a probable expulsion into the cold world and a shutting of all the gates which led to promotion.

Now, although the case of Samuel is an accentuated one, the call of duty is nearly always a call to struggle. The very idea of duty implies restraint or *constraint*. Duty is the middle term between compulsion and love ; it is halfway between Egypt and Canaan ; it is the desert. Outward force has passed, but

spontaneity has not yet come. I move voluntarily ; but I move with a burden, and I move slowly. I have met my angel, but I *struggle* with my angel ; I have seen God face to face, but I halt upon my thigh. Our moments of duty are never unconscious moments, never light-hearted moments. They have always a sense of pressure, always an obstruction at the door. The life of Samuel is, from the dawn, a life of sacrifice. The path on which his childhood went forth was a path of thorns ; and he took it knowing it to be so. All who have followed his steps have had to tread the same narrow way. In all ages Herod has sought the young child to kill it. The Divine life has always run counter to a worldly principle, and has required to make its way in conflict with that principle. The road of individual pleasure is not parallel with the road of virtue. They will diverge with you as they diverged with Samuel—at the very point where duty calls. The hour of his spiritual promotion was precisely that hour which presaged his material degradation. The experience of the

first prophet will be the experience of all Christian seers.

I have confined myself to the opening of Samuel's life, because it is in the opening of his life that he is universally representative. He was to live long, to do much, to suffer many things. He was to purify public worship, to root out idolatry, to judge the tribes of Israel, to humble the pride of the Philistine, to be the maker and the unmaker of kings. The sense of his presence in the nation was to be so vivid that it was to outlast even his life, for, after he had passed away, men were to believe in the apparition of his spectre. But these things belong to the annals of Judaism, not to the annals of humanity. What belongs to humanity is the fact that the spirit of prophecy came to him through the spirit of a little child. This is the one abiding element in the life of Samuel. It is the one element which is not connected with Shiloh, with Ramah, with Gilgal, with any local haunt whatever, but which is found in every place and at every time. The name of Samuel is

traditionally associated with the establishing of the prophetic school; and his spirit of prophecy came to him in *childhood*. That is the fact of permanent interest in this delineation of the Great Gallery; for it is still through the intuitions of the child-life that Man sees the kingdom of God.

There were three great functions in the Jewish nation whose simultaneous existence was contemporary with the life of Samuel—the Prophet, the Priest, and the King. I believe these three represent the three periods in the conception of time—yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. The Priest is the representative of the past. He exists as a salve to the pains of memory—the memory of sins committed in days of old; his sacrifices are efforts to wash these away. The King represents the present. He exists to guide the hand at the actual hour, to give the law which shall regulate the immediate course of action. But the Prophet is the representative of the future. He exists to tell, not merely of forthcoming events, but of eternal principles. It is his

mission to reveal the issues of right and wrong—to proclaim how, by an inevitable law, the one will bring joy and the other pain. And therefore it is that the organ of the prophetic life is ever the spirit of the child. Childhood is the time that looks forward. Old age habitually looks *back*; it is the time for memory. Manhood generally looks *round*; it is the time for observation. But childhood looks forward; it is the time for hope. Judaism provided for all three; she comforted the soul on every side. Her Priest comforted the memory; he suggested an expiation of the past. Her King gave strength for present weakness; he surrounded her with defensive bulwarks. Her Prophet pointed her on to a bright morning, to a day when the harvest sown in tears should be reaped in joy, and when the desert should be glad and blossom as the rose. The nation equipped with these is equipped indeed.

MY Father, prepare a place for the child-life that lingers in my heart! Prepare a place for that instinct which points toward

to-morrow! Thou hast prepared a place for my yesterday—Thou hast cancelled the dark deeds of my past. Thou hast prepared a place for to-day—Thou hast promised strength for the hour. But I have a need beyond my yesterday, beyond to-day; I have a yearning for to-morrow. Shall this be the only part of my soul for which there is no environment! Thou hast provided for memory—Thou hast suffered my heart to see its past glorified. Thou hast provided for the vision of to-day—Thou hast sent the energy with the emergency and the refuge with the storm. But is there to be no provision for hope, O my Father! Thou hast a voice to greet my ear when I turn *backward*; Thou hast a voice to greet my ear when I turn *round*; hast Thou no voice to greet my ear when I look forward! Shall the door of my future be the only *unopened* door! Why, then, hast Thou taught me to *knock* there! When I knock at the door of memory, I am answered; I can undo much that tarnished my yesterday. When I knock at the door of to-day, I am answered;

I can help to move the wheel that moves the world. But when I knock at the door of to-morrow, shall there be no answer but the delusive echo of my heart! Shall hope be a blind-alley—the one blind-alley of the universe! Shall aspiration be winged—for no atmosphere! Shall faith be fledged—for no flight! Shall foresight be given—for no future! Shall there be longings on the sea—when there never was land! Shall there be a sense of prophecy—when there has been no word of promise! It *cannot* be, O my Father!

CHAPTER XIII

DAVID THE MANY-SIDED

IT is very rarely that a nation has associated all her attributes with the life of a single man. I say 'rarely' to avoid the possibility of exaggeration; but I do not myself know one instance of a purely national gallery having done so. The pride of a country has generally been to have a *diversified* gallery—to divide her great professions among different men. Britain places her Shakespeare in a unique position of glory; but she would not seek to claim for him a union of *all* the professions. She is content to behold his genius in his special sphere—the sphere of the poet. She does not insist on recognising in him a concentration of all departments—the science of a Newton, the logic of a Bacon, the statesmanship of a Chatham, the military skill of a

Marlborough. She is proud to think that in enumerating her different sources of glory she can assign each of them to a separate name.

But in that one Gallery which is not national we meet with the spectacle which is elsewhere absent. We find a people, through long centuries of its history and through devious changes of its fortune, consistently and persistently agreeing to heap upon a single individual the aggregate glories of every profession in life. Israel has fixed her affections upon an ideal whose very name expresses the object uniting all desires—David—the beloved. To claim one man as the object of all national desires is a claim not easily sustained. It can only be supported on the supposition that this one man has passed through every national experience, has filled every sphere, has partaken of every circumstance. Accordingly, the David of Israel is not simply the greatest of her *kings*; he is the man great in everything. He monopolises all her institutions. He is her shepherd boy—the representative of her *toiling* classes. He is her musician—the

successor of Jubal and Miriam and Deborah. He is her soldier—the conqueror of all the Goliaths that would steal her peace. He is her knight-errant—bringing *mercy* into war. He is her king—numbering her armies and regulating her polity. He is her priest—substituting a broken and contrite spirit for the blood of bulls and rams. He is her prophet—presaging with his latest breath the everlastingness of his kingdom. He is her poet—all her psalms are called by his name. The truth is, in the estimation of Israel this man is a personification of the nation itself—the embodiment of her qualities, the incarnation of her spirit, the type of her destiny. A conception so unique deserves consideration. How can we better photograph the form of David than by presenting the analogy between the picture of his life and the life of ancient Israel—that Israel which saw in him a mirror of her own soul!

Even the *history* of Israel seems to repeat itself in David. What do we see at the outset of his life? A shepherd boy with a

very unlikely prospect of success and a very big presentiment of glory! Like the nation, he was born to a pastoral life; he fed his father's sheep on the plains of Bethlehem. Like the nation, he was deemed, in his morning, very insignificant. He had seven brothers—strong, stalwart, gigantic men. *These* were pointed to as the men who would serve their country. Little David was, like little Israel, a pigmy among the giants; and the world said, 'He will never equal his brothers!' Yet little David had within that soul of his an ambition, compared to which that of his brothers was a molehill. He, like his tiny country, had a dream of empire—that dream which had its beginning when Abraham heard his mission under the Chaldean stars. He, like Abraham, had received a prophetic voice, had felt the touch of an anointing hand. Ever, amid the bleating of the sheep, there had sounded in his ear a deep refrain, 'You will be king of Israel! you will be king of Israel!' He kept the dream in his heart, he told it not; but all the warmer did it burn because it could

not be spoken. And though it could not be spoken, it could be sung ; it made songs without words. It tuned the strings of his harp ; it accompanied his music ; it imparted to his notes a wild dash and daring which made them seem to strike the stars. He was unconscious of their power ; he played spontaneously—played to relieve himself. But just on that account he was overheard ; unconscious genius ever *is* overheard. Men stood and listened in the night to the great musician. They spread his fame. They told how a nightingale had come. They spoke of a harp with chords inspired.

And by and by the tidings reached the most august ear in all the land. They came to the royal palace ; they were heard by Saul the king. Saul was passing through an hour of mental darkness. There had come to him, as there comes to many of us, an unaccountable unrest. We are told of a peace that ‘passeth understanding’ ; there is also a *dis*peace that ‘passeth understanding.’ There are clouds in the mind which are not explained by clouds in the sky, for they often come in our days of outward

sunshine. Saul had such an experience. He was afflicted from within—afflicted in the midst of his exaltation, on the pinnacle of that proud height to which fortune had raised him. *Material* conditions had not caused the malady; material conditions could not remove the malady. Might not *immaterial* conditions be tried! If the disorder originated from within, might it not be conquered from within! Might not *music* have power to minister to a mind diseased! Why not call in the aid of this wonderful player whose powers of melody were bruited everywhere! Why not send for David!

David is sent for, and comes; and, as he comes, the Gallery repeats in him another of its past stages. He has already heard the call of *Abraham*; he is about to experience the call of Isaac. The call of Abraham was the summoning to a life of glory; the call of Isaac was the summoning to a life of domestic ministration. When David entered the house of Saul he abandoned, for the time, his *dream*. He laid aside his desire to rule; he tried to

serve, to dig wells of comfort for the heart of another. And not without success. As he played, the malady of Saul subsided; the clouds parted, and a stream of sunshine burst upon his soul. If a pupil in a Sunday-school were asked, 'Who was the first man influenced by the Psalms of David?' he would not go very far wrong if he answered, 'Saul.' It is true, these melodies were songs without words; but they were not songs without thoughts. On the poor wandering soul of the monarch they had all the effect of a sweet and solemn prayer; they said, 'Peace! Be still!' They were the *earliest* psalms of David—psalms of *unspoken* words, psalms of *undefined* comfort, psalms whose Divine message came only in music. When the critics have disposed of all the rest, they will leave to the minstrel these *first* chords.

And now the scene changes once more, and there is repeated another past phase of the Hebrew Gallery. The experience of David has echoed the call of Abraham and the domestic ministration of Isaac; it is now to

echo the troubles of Joseph. He has had the dream of empire; he has had the stage of domestic life; he is now to have the experience of private jealousies—jealousies of which, like Joseph, he is to be, not the sharer, but the victim. There is a passion which music cannot quell, which culture cannot calm, which art cannot allay; it is envy. In the court of Israel the personality of the young minstrel is magnetic; he draws all eyes, he wins all hearts. Men begin to contrast his face of morning brightness with the dark and lowering countenance of their monarch. Saul awakes from his nervous derangement and looks round. He sees the situation at a glance. He is losing ground; he is being superseded in the affections of his people—superseded by a stripling! He must *remove* this centre of magnetism from the eyes of men. What is he to do! How is he to get rid of him! By open violence? No; that would be unpopular. He will follow the method of Joseph's brethren; he will cause him to disappear by seeming accident. He will make him captain

of a thousand men ; he will send him into the front of battle, into positions where death will be almost inevitable. By means that will waken no suspicion he will remove this shepherd boy.

But the means are all in vain. David at the head of the thousand is only more magnetic still. He performs deeds of prowess and becomes the right hand of Israel. What is to be done with this troublesome prodigy ! A new device presents itself to the mind of Saul—so at least I read the narrative.¹ He will simulate a return of his malady. He will pretend to be *again* mad ; and in this seeming madness he will give David his deathblow. Again the project fails ; the musician eludes the javelin. Did the penetrating eye of David see through the subterfuge ? I think it did. Be this as it may, the mask is now withdrawn. The baffled monarch turns at bay. He has failed in strategy ; he will take means direct, to rid himself of this rival. David is warned—

¹ I think the incident recorded in 1 Samuel xviii. 11 a misplaced anticipation of that recorded in 1 Samuel xix. 10.

warned from within the palace, warned by Saul's own son. There is but one refuge—flight. David disappears from court. He wanders a while in the secluded parts of Israel. But no part of Israel is secluded enough to screen him from the eye of Saul. He must fly farther. He must leave his country altogether. He must become a stranger in a strange land. *Again* the national history repeats itself in David. He, like his country, becomes an exile, and wanders in a land of Egypt. He treads a foreign soil; he is a fugitive and an outcast; he is indebted to the charity of others. He is oppressed and weary, now on the mountain, now in the vale—to-day skirting a ravine, to-morrow lurking in a cave—sometimes alone in the wilderness, sometimes within touch of his adversary. At one moment he is seen in Philistia; at another he treads the mountains of Engedi; at a third he is by the waters of the Dead Sea. The sea of his own life is dead; he has hung his harp on the willows; he has resolved to sing no more.

Then the curtain rises anew, and the life of

David *continues* to repeat the history of Israel. After the exile comes the exodus; after the land of bondage comes the conquest of Canaan. David's life has hitherto been itself a harp of many strings. Each chord has renewed the existence of some bygone age of the national annals. He has begun with the shepherd life of Abel. He has received the anointing mission of Abraham. He has served at the domestic hearth with Isaac. He has experienced the envy that assailed the life of Joseph. He has passed into that exile where dawned the day of Moses. He is now to emerge into that struggle which secured the land to Joshua, and to repeat in his own life the transition from exile into empire.

Nor is there wanting a point of resemblance between the *conquest* by Joshua and the conquest by David. In both cases there is an absence of personal glory. I have shown this in the case of Joshua; it is even more marked in the case of David. It is not really David's prowess that wins him the kingdom; it is the trend of circumstances—or, as men would then

have called it, the hand of the Lord. The battle which shattered the fortunes of Saul was not fought by David—was not fought even in the interest of David. It was the *Philistines* that made room for David in Israel—made room without meaning to do so. It was on the field of Gilboa that the pride of Saul was extinguished—a field on which Israel and Philistia fought for their own ends. That battle almost annihilated the house of Saul. He perished; three of his sons perished; the flower of his army perished. Israel was in the position of England after the Wars of the Roses. She had lost ‘the last of the barons’—the last of the great leaders on whom Saul’s house could depend. Any strong hand would be sure to hold the reins in a nation so struck with panic. Yet, even in this panic-struck nation, the strong hand of David did not at once become supreme. There was a lingering loyalty to the house of Saul. Eleven of the tribes clung to his memory and enthroned his son. One tribe alone declared for David—the tribe of Judah. For seven years there were

two kings in Israel—each claiming undivided empire. For seven years there was internecine war between David and the remnant of Saul's house; and, though the balance of success inclined to David, his final triumph came not from his sword. It came from an act of desertion on the part of an enemy, from the abandonment of the house of Saul by one of its leading supporters. On the whole, I am disposed to think that David realised his mission mainly by the grace of God; or, if you prefer its rationalistic equivalent, mainly by the stream of tendencies which converged, in place and time, so as to *effect* the issue. His stage of climax was the stage of *Joshua*. The walls of his Jericho happened to fall precisely at the moment when he happened to blow the trumpet. He was little more than a *spectator* of the scene which crowned him. His merit was in waiting for the tide and taking the tide. He was never more humble than on his road to the throne.

I have thus sought to institute a parallel between the history of David and the history

of the Jewish race. The evolutionist tells us that in the stages of birth the human individual passes through the phases of the ascending animal series from the fish to the mammal. I think the individuality of David repeated the history of its *human* ancestors—incarnated within itself the previous life of the nation. But it is not only David's *history* that reveals the collective life of Israel; his character does so too. There is not in all biography a more remarkable delineation than the character of David. We have pictures of strikingly *good* men; we have pictures of singularly bad men; we have pictures of men who are half good and half bad. None of these designations will cover David. Measured by a Christian standard, he is no saint. Measured by a heathen standard, he is no sinner. Measured by *any* standard, he is no mixture—he never exhibits a *blending* of good and bad. How, then, shall we describe him? If he is not a telescope of uniform sublimities, nor a microscope of uniform littlenesses, nor yet a union of telescope and microscope in which one eye can see the sublime

and the other the small, what is he? He is a kaleidoscope. He reveals a series of seemingly disconnected scenes of which the later often reverses the picture given by the earlier. In each scene appears, not a *phase* of the man, not a quality of the man, but the whole man. Yet the David of to-day is often a direct contrast to the David of yesterday; but for his face and form we should not recognise him. Yesterday, he had one pure spiritual friendship—the devotion to Jonathan; to-day, he has many sensuous loves. Yesterday, he was modest and retiring; to-day, through vanity, he vaunts the number of his fighting men. Yesterday, he was open and confiding; to-day, he deceives his benefactor Achish. Yesterday, he was chivalrous to his enemies; to-day—if the passage be genuine—he denies forgiveness to his greatest general. Yesterday, he saved the life of Saul, his foe; to-day, he *takes* the life of Uriah, his friend. How came such a character to exist? Is there any connection in its acts beyond what is effected by the shaking of life's kaleidoscope? Can we

account for a phenomenon seemingly so grotesque and really so contradictory?

I think we can. I believe this man epitomised not only the past history, but the past passions, of Israel. I believe the two streams of heredity which had run in separate channels through the path of the nation met at last in a single life—the life of David. If I were to christen these two streams, I should call them ‘The Lion’ and ‘The Lamb.’ Look back over the history of the Hebrew race, you will find the moral life of that race ever depicted as a strife between two. Go where you will, you are ever confronted by a pair. Every lamb has its opposing lion. Abel has his Cain; Abraham has his Lot; Isaac has his Ishmael; Jacob has his Esau; Joseph has his ‘Brethren’; Moses has his Amalek; Joshua has his Achan. In David the two pass into one. He becomes the heir to a double heredity. The strings of his life-harp are swept by two impulses—a south wind and a north—the one bringing music, the other discord. When you see him proceeding from the altar of God to a life of

sensuality, it is not correct to say that he has had a fall from grace. If you walk through a town and at certain parts come to vacant spaces, will this prove that the city is losing its inhabitants? It will prove the reverse. These vacant spaces are the survivals of yesterday. They suggest that yesterday there were no buildings at all—that the present amount of population has been planted on spots which were originally in the same condition. So is it with the bad deeds of David. They are survivals of an old time—not falls from new grace. Not all at once could the city of God be built within him. Not all at once could the barren swamps be filled with homes and hearths of culture. Not all at once could the wild beasts of the forest be rooted out and the voice of Man be made to echo through the waste places. Not all at once could the forms of the past that lived within him die—the violent Cain, the wild Ishmael, the selfish Lot, the reckless Esau, the deceitful brethren of Joseph. These remained as the memories of yesterday ; they waited the expansion of the city to clear them away.

Here, then, was a region in which David was *not* king—the region of the heart. I mean, his *own* heart. He had a power of captivating the heart of others ; but he never took captive his own. All the winds of the past strove for the mastery of that great sea. Each prevailed in turn. Sometimes it was swept by the gust of anger, sometimes by the blast of impurity, sometimes by the storm of doubt, sometimes by the breeze of generous sympathy. At morning it caught the glow, at noon the glare, at evening the gloom. It was the heart of a child ; the impression of the moment ruled it. David *felt* the weakness, and cried out for a king over *himself*. He called aloud for some one mighty enough to still the tempest of his heart. This is the deepest note of his whole biography—his distrust of himself, of his own power, of his own judgment. I do not wonder the hymns of Israel are called the psalms of David ; they reflect him, they mirror him—mirror most of all his distrust of himself. When they cry ‘I have made the Most High my Refuge!’—when they exclaim, ‘O God my Shield, look on

the face of Thine anointed !'—when they pray, 'Hide me in the secret of Thy pavilion !' do we not hear the refrain of that life which could find no help but in God ! There is not in the whole Gallery the picture of a soul so conscious of its weakness. David will do nothing without God. He will neither lead an army nor build a temple without the preliminary Voice. He has no confidence in his own will. *Saul* had confidence in his own will. He was a weaker man all round ; but he rarely felt the need of the Lord. David has in his veins the strength of two conflicting streams of heredity ; yet his deepest sense is that of his own nothingness. His name has become almost a synonym for the conviction of personal sin.

And do you not see that David's sense of moral impotence has originated precisely in the strength of the contending elements within him. Had there been only one element—whether good or bad—he would never have felt that impotence. Had he been simply an amiable passionless creature untempted by violent impulses and unassailed by the glitter

of vice, he might have done less harm to his *generation*, but he would never have cultivated his special flower—the thirst for God. Why is this man ever longing in a dry parched land where no water is? Precisely because his was *not* an untempted nature. He wanted to be good, but he could not. He had too big an inheritance of past corruption to believe in his own strength. His thirst for God came from his personal experience of the meagreness of his own soul. A placid nature would never have felt the impotence and would never have known the thirst; he would have failed to cultivate David's special flower. David stands in the Gallery with a unique message—that the forces of the natural world are not sufficient to make a man good. It is the message commonly called evangelical. The man who preaches it from his heart must ever be one who has come fresh from the storm. He who knows not the power of passion, who feels not the seductions of sense, who never sails except on summer seas, may say indeed, 'Give us our daily bread,' but will find little need to say,

‘Deliver us from evil.’ If David is to cultivate the flower whose ‘language’ is that prayer, he will have to hear the roar of the breakers and experience the crash of the timbers and learn what it is to utter the piercing cry, ‘Save us; we perish!’ That was the education adapted to him; that was the education he received. To the city of his habitation he was led by a rough way, because the rough way was for him the only right way; his mission was to proclaim the heart’s need of God.

MY heart needs Thee, O Lord, my heart needs Thee! *No* part of my being needs Thee like my heart. All else within me can be filled by Thy *gifts*. My hunger can be satisfied by daily bread. My thirst can be allayed by earthly waters. My cold can be removed by household fires. My weariness can be relieved by outward rest. But no outward thing can make my *heart* pure. The calmest day will not calm my passions. The fairest scene will not beautify my soul. The

richest music will not make harmony within. The breezes can cleanse the air ; but no breeze ever cleansed a spirit. This world has not provided for my *heart*. It has provided for my eye ; it has provided for my ear ; it has provided for my touch ; it has provided for my taste ; it has provided for my sense of beauty—but it has not provided for my heart. Provide *Thou* for my heart, O Lord ! It is the only unwinged bird in all creation ; give it wings, O Lord ! Earth has *failed* to give it wings ; its very power of loving has often dragged it in the mire. Be *Thou* the strength of my heart ! Be Thou its fortress in temptation, its shield in remorse, its covert in the storm, its star in the night, its voice in the solitude ! Guide it in its gloom ; help it in its heat ; direct it in its doubt ; calm it in its conflict ; fan it in its faintness ; prompt it in its perplexity ; lead it through its labyrinths ; raise it from its ruins ! *I* cannot rule this heart of mine ; keep it under the shadow of Thine own wings !

CHAPTER XIV

SOLOMON THE WISE

IN standing before the Picture of Solomon, I am conscious of an impression which I have not hitherto experienced—an absence of the dramatic element. All the previous figures have stood in critical situations. Adam in the garden, Abel in the field, Noah in the presence of the Divine Judgment, Abraham in his arduous mission, Isaac in his life of domestic sacrifice, Joseph in his dungeon, Moses in his desert, Joshua in his wars, Samuel in his call to imperil his worldly prospects, David in his exile from home and country—all have exhibited the spectacle of difficulty and danger. In Solomon we have a life where the difficulty and danger are *not* exhibited. They are there; but they are unseen. What we do see, in the foreground,

is an event which will be found to pertain to the life of every young man in the world—the choice of a profession. Solomon is asked, as many boys and all youths are asked, what he would like to be. He was already a king ; but one may be a king in many ways. Solomon is asked what gift he would chiefly prize as a sign of real greatness. There is spread before his fancy what is spread before the fancy of all romantic young men—a choice of golden possibilities. Would he be rich? Would he be powerful? Would he be famous? Would he be an object of admiration? Would he be a wise man, a man of prudence and sagacity? Solomon says, ‘ Let me be wise ! ’

This *seems* a very commonplace introduction to a great life. But is it? It is undramatic, no doubt ; it is homespun. But what if the crisis of national history has shifted from the theatre to the home! What if in the transition from David to Solomon the drama of human life has *itself* assumed an undramatic garb! What if the possibility of tragic issues has begun to lie, not in war of nations,

not in rise of dynasties, not in political combinations, but just at the fireside and around the family hearth! Would not this alter our view of the commonplaceness! Would it not lead us to reconsider our estimate of the Gallery's introduction to the life of Solomon—to ask if, after all, there may not be something in this narrative as rich in possible tragedy as was the threatening of a deluge, or the resistance to an Egyptian bondage!

Now, I am prepared to show that it *was* so, that Solomon's choice of a profession was really one of the most tragic acts of Jewish annals—an act on whose decision was suspended an issue as momentous as ever hung on the prayers of Moses or on the sword of Joshua. Did you ever ask yourself what is the reason that the decision made by Solomon is so highly commended? To me the answer seems clear. His decision is applauded, not mainly because it was a proof of personal character, but because it furnished the hope of escape from a national danger. If Solomon had set his heart either upon riches or upon

military glory, there would have been no guarantee that the silent mine beneath his feet would not explode. For, there *was* a mine beneath his feet. Peaceful as looked the scene, calm as were the surroundings, there were subterranean fires which one thoughtless deed might bring to the surface. There was, below the crust of the soil, an underground heat which any moment might be fanned into flame by a giddy head or an unsteady hand. The only security from the warmth below was to have absolute coolness above. A hot-headed sovereign, a man on the throne animated by personal motives, would be certain at some point to fire the train. There was wanted on the seat of royalty a balanced mind, an impersonal mind, a mind in whom all private ambitions were subordinated to zeal for the common good. Let us consider this necessity a little more in detail.

I said that when David came into the undivided possession of the empire, Israel was very much in the position of England after the Wars of the Roses. There had been a

slaughter among the great leaders. The land was like a steed that had lost his rider ; it was moving aimlessly, it was directed nowhere. David obtained the supremacy without a rival, and he transmitted the kingdom to his son. But you will commit a great mistake if you imagine that the party of Saul was crushed because his house was crushed. I hold very strongly that the eleven tribes who followed Saul never submitted to David in their *hearts*. Poor Rehoboam gets the credit of having split the kingdom into two ; I do not believe it was ever really one. It was never anything more than a patched garment. Judah and Benjamin were never truly united. Their union was like the assembling together of an audience to hear a great preacher. David was the preacher. The audience had no bond of brotherhood—not even the acceptance of the preacher's doctrine. They were kept together simply by the spell of a presence, by the power of a personality, by the commanding chords of a human voice. It was a frail and impotent thread on which to suspend a kingdom !

For now the voice of the preacher is still! His presence has been withdrawn; another stands in the place he used to occupy. David is dead, and a man of different mould has mounted the rostrum. Will Solomon sway the masses as David did? By natural gifts, no. The new preacher has not the elements of the old. In every respect they are contrasts. David was extemporaneous; Solomon is elaborately prepared. David spoke in outbursts; Solomon deals in rounded periods. David was unconventional; Solomon is steeped in culture. David appealed to human experience; Solomon expounds abstract principles. David revealed the man; Solomon exhibits the scholar. David *was* the sermon; Solomon *gives* the sermon. Clearly, if each is to be judged by his natural powers, the second cannot keep together the audience of the first.

To drop the metaphor, young Solomon had a problem before him. He had to ask himself the question, How shall I keep this already disunited mass from *showing* its disunion? It was clear to him that to effect this he needed

a very special gift—a gift quite distinct from the power of making money, or the brilliancy that wins fame. I think, indeed, that the task before Solomon was the greatest that can be imposed on any king, and that the man who performs it deserves to be reckoned amongst the greatest of all sovereigns. We are generally in a mistake on this matter. We are under the impression that to be a king in times of open revolution is a more arduous thing than to be a king in times of unexpressed dissatisfaction. It is the reverse. In times of open revolution a sovereign requires but one power—an adequate army. But when the currents are underground, when the factions are invisible, inaudible, undefinable, when the ferment of discontent is working below the surface and the subterranean heat is making no sign, he who guides the state must have the powers of a prophet. He must have the gift of imagination, the gift of insight, the gift of anticipative sympathy, above all, that gift which defies definition—the thing called tact. The man who can preserve

tranquillity among elements of inward discord is every inch a king.

Now, remember that for nearly forty years this was what Solomon did. His is characteristically the reign of peace; there is not such a period of protracted peace in all the Jewish annals. This in itself would not be a matter of greatness; there is a calm which comes from lethargy—from the *absence* of vital force. But the peace of Solomon's reign is the peace of a river; it is calm, not through stagnation, but through balanced movement. It is a peace produced in the midst of natural anarchy, in a sphere where elements tend to stand apart from one another. It is a result achieved, not by the *suspension* of regal force, but by the prolonged operation of that force. The spectacle afforded to the eye is one of power—of greater power than could be evinced by any military conquest. The military conquest requires an effort suited to the emergency; the preservation of tranquillity amid turmoil needs an energy uniform at all times.

Were I to put the question, Was Queen

Elizabeth or Charles I. the greater sovereign? there is not a schoolboy who would not answer, 'Queen Elizabeth.' But why do we hold that the earlier is more worthy of praise than the later ruler? Is it because Elizabeth was fortunate and Charles was not? No; our judgment would be quite the same if Charles had won the field of Naseby and levelled his enemies with the dust. The merit of Elizabeth lies in the fact that under her the Revolution never *took place*. She had elements of discord in her kingdom as fierce as any which marked the reign of Charles; but Charles let them explode, Elizabeth kept them quiet. We pronounce Elizabeth the greater potentate because her power went deeper down than the power of Charles would have gone even had it been victorious; it could retain an empire in tranquillity when everything conspired to make a conflagration.

Now, I have always felt that there is a strong historical parallel between the Portrait of King Solomon and the Portrait of Queen Elizabeth. I do not know of any two characters living at

so wide a distance from each other in space and time who present such a remarkable analogy in their public lives. Both had a very remote prospect of reaching the thrones which they eventually secured. Both attained their position through storm and stress. Both came to a kingdom in which the democracy had been elevated to power through the fall of great families. Both ruled over a state thick-sown with secret dissensions—a state where hostile parties nursed their unspoken jealousies. Both for almost an equal period kept down public disquiet without any display of authority and without any exercise of severity. I am tempted to add one parallel more. Both almost at the last heard the beginnings of a long-suppressed storm—a storm which their successors were to hear with appalling clearness; and the one reign, like the other, had an evening bereft of gold. The marvel in each case is, not that the evening should have been dim, but that the hours of the day should have continued so long bright. Nothing could be a stronger testimony to the greatness of either sovereign.

Turning now exclusively to Solomon, let us observe the means adopted by him which, in securing this internal tranquillity, succeeded so long and so well. And, first of all, I wish to direct attention to the fact that his whole life is built upon a plan. We are, in my opinion, under a widespread misapprehension as to the character of Solomon. The popular view is that he is the delineation of a double personality—a life divided between wisdom and folly. We picture a man alternating between the cares of state and the pleasures of the sensualist. We figure him as swayed by two opposite impulses—the proclivities of the statesman and the tendencies of the man of idleness; and we are disposed to regard the latter as the reaction from the former. Now, this is not the view I take of the life of Solomon. To me he presents the picture of one man. Every incident of his life is to my mind the expression of one and the same tendency. I do not think he ever deviates from his political purpose, nor ever forgets it for a moment. That he went far astray in his pleasures, that

he was not always loyal to his religion, that he was unduly prodigal in his expenditure, I freely admit. But his errors were political errors. They were not moments of reaction from state cares ; they were themselves part of his state policy. That they were mistakes, no one will deny ; but they were mistakes of the king rather than of the man. They were committed in the *pursuance* of his plan of statecraft, not in the forgetfulness of it. That plan of statecraft never varied in its aim—to keep dormant that faction of the kingdom which still, with pertinacious loyalty, clung to the memory of the house of Saul.

How was this to be done? One or other of two methods was available—the awakening of a common danger or the suggestion of a common interest. The former has been the *usual* method of kings in the circumstances of Solomon ; they have sought to purchase domestic peace by the incurring of foreign war. A nation divided by factions has often been driven into unity by the call to arm against another nation. It was so with the

France of 1792 ; it was so with the Germany of 1870. Many a despot has found outside war conducive to his indoor peace and has not scrupled to strike the match of international discord. A foreign irritant has often produced a home sedative, and the producing of a sedative by this means has often been a policy. It was the successful policy of Napoleon the Great ; it was the attempted policy of Napoleon the Little. But it was not the policy of King Solomon. He felt that to cure strife on the homeopathic principle was but a poor salvation—that to heal domestic discord by outdoor discord was but a superficial gain. He wanted peace all round—peace not only in the inner parts, but on the borders and at the gates. Accordingly, he chose another way—what seemed to him a more excellent way. Rejecting the aid of a common *danger*, he turned for support to a common interest. It seemed to him that he could best bind the heart of Judah to the heart of Benjamin, that he could best reconcile his own tribe with the refractory eleven tribes, by presenting to them a positive

rather than a negative ground for union. It was for this that he strove through all the years. His whole reign was an application of his principle. Sometimes he chose right *measures*, sometimes wrong; but with the principle itself he was never inconsistent. There is no side of his character which does not, to my mind, bear the stamp of this peacemaking design.

Take the domestic side. Here he is decidedly reprehensible. The vast number of matrimonial alliances which he personally and simultaneously contracted are a disgrace to family life; and even for an Eastern monarch, they place him in a low moral category. Yet I do not believe that their dominant motive was sensuality. I think his design was that the family of David should ramify in as many directions as possible at home and abroad. He felt that a common interest is greatly promoted by a common blood. He felt that nothing would weaken the memory of the house of Saul like consanguinity to the house of David. The more branches

the Davidic tree could shoot forth in the land of Canaan and the adjacent lands, the more would it be endeared to Semitic eyes. This, I believe, was the motive, the main motive, which lighted the myriad nuptial torches of Solomon. His marriages, regular and irregular, had a political aim. They were meant to graft his blood upon the Hebrew race, to connect that race for the future with his name and lineage, and to elicit the verdict of the generation yet unborn, 'The whole land of Israel has a stone in the house of David.'

Take the commercial side. Here at first sight Solomon appears to be the typical money-maker, living exclusively for the wealth he can gather. He seems to have deserted the choice of wisdom for the choice of gold. His ships travel the seas in search of merchandise; they touch at every port where the spirit of commerce dwells. His caravans range the land in the service of the trader; they go forth with native produce and return with foreign treasure. His commercial enterprise extends to all regions. It visits Tyre. It reaches

Arabia. It treats with Egypt. It has intercourse with Babylon. It probably touches the shores of India. To outward appearance, the whole aim of his life and of his labours is the amassing of wealth, the acquisition of personal gain. But look deeper, and you will form another view. You will come to the conclusion that, to his mind, the value lay in the pursuing, not in the thing pursued. You will come to see that this itself had for him a political value. The aim of Solomon, as I take it, was to keep the mind of the nation in united employment. Civil war would keep men in *dis*united employment. But the battle of human industries was a battle which his people might all fight side by side. Commercial enterprise loomed before the eye of Solomon, not so much in the light of a personal gain as in the light of a popular attraction. Here was an object on which the admirers of the house of Saul and the adherents of the house of David might unite! Here was a cause in which they might work together! Here was at once a labour and a pleasure in whose pursuit each

might forget its wrongs and become the ally of the other! And when the result of this commercial prosperity should appear, when the opulence of the nation should be manifested in its magnificent pageants and its splendid buildings, here was a source of common pride to Judah and Benjamin, a work whose triumph both could claim and whose glory each could share!

But it is on the religious side that the wisdom of Solomon is most resplendent. I do not, of course, speak of those concessions to idolatry which tarnish his later years. I believe these to have been mistaken attempts at conciliation—things in which the wisdom of Solomon failed. But that which exhibits the true religious sagacity of this man is the deed which is indissolubly associated with his name—the building of the temple. Why did he build that temple? I think in losing sight of the man's character we have missed the full significance of the deed. What was his motive for the erection of that stately pile? To fulfil a wish of his father? Partly. To satisfy

a personal impulse of devotion? Partly. But I think neither of these standing alone nor both united would have impelled Solomon to such a work. Remember that this man was before all things a politician. David would have built the temple for 'glory to God in the highest'; Solomon required the additional motive, 'Peace on earth; goodwill among men.' What Solomon wanted above all things was a bond of national unity. Two rival ideals were dividing his empire—the house of David and the house of Saul. To the heart of Solomon there came the suggestion of a third and higher watchword—the house of God. Might not the two other houses be united in this *wider* building! Might not the memory of the long feud be made to perish in the common effort to inaugurate another kingdom, in the co-operation of both parties for the construction of a new and glorious palace—a palace compared to which the residence of a Saul and of a David would alike grow dim—a dwelling for the habitation of the King of Kings!

Can you fail to see how in the building of this temple the idea of common co-operation occupies so prominent a place! Why are so many invited to contribute gifts? Why are such numbers solicited to lend a hand? Why is the work divided and subdivided between so many classes of labourers? Why is there a place for those who bear, and a place for those who hew, and a place for those who chip? Why is there such an enormous number of workmen as a hundred and eighty-three thousand and six hundred in a work protracted over seven years? Can there be any answer but one? Do we not see that Solomon wants to be engaged in a work which will be the work of the nation—of the whole nation in all its parts and in all its members. He wants his people to be able to say, not only, 'Solomon did it,' but, 'We all did it with Solomon.' He desires that every representative of Jewish life shall have a stone in the building. The children shall bring their gifts to it; the adults shall bring their hands to it; the aged shall bring their prayers to it. The

rich shall adorn it with gems; the poor shall serve it with their workmanship. The men of action shall break stones for it; the men of patience shall carry burdens for it; the men of taste shall contribute decorations for it. The poets shall make its songs; the musicians shall weave its memories; the theologians shall form its ritual. That is the hope of Solomon—the dream of repiecing the rent garment. It is the hope that the tribe of Judah and the tribe of Benjamin may become tributaries to the river of God, that the wars sown in a divided empire may be forgotten in a united worship, and that the house of Saul may be joined to the house of David by that mysterious secret passage which runs through the house of the Lord.

L ORD, Thou art building a temple greater than that of Solomon—the temple of the Holy Ghost! Give me a stone in the building of that house! Give me a place in the work, suited to my soul! If I have many places in my soul, give me many duties for

the temple! In my time of singing, train me for its choir! In my time of business, enrich me for its maintenance! In my time of health, strengthen me to raise its walls! In my time of sickness, give me patience to bear its burdens! I would bring all my possessions of body and mind as subscriptions to the building. I bring Thee my gladness for its morning hymn. I bring Thee my sadness for its evening song. I bring Thee my beauty for its adorning. I bring Thee my defects for its altar of sacrifice. I bring Thee my strength that I may support some part; I bring Thee my weakness that some part may support *me*. I bring Thee my moments of faith that there may be service by day; I bring Thee my moments of doubt that there may be service by night. I bring Thee my full cup for the hour of thanksgiving; I bring Thee my empty cup for the hour of prayer. Let all the gates of Thy temple be open to my soul, O Lord; for I know not, in life's revolving, before what portal I may need to stand!

CHAPTER XV

ELIJAH THE IMPULSIVE

THERE are three men whom the Bible Gallery dissociates from the idea of death—Enoch, Moses, and Elijah. Of each of these it is virtually declared that no one can picture for them a burying-place. Enoch has left no record of a closing life; Moses has left no trace of a physical decay; Elijah has left no sign of an extinguished fire. It is not, I think, by accident that the Great Gallery has dissociated these three forms from the idea of the dark valley. These three forms represent three qualities which have no historical limit, which are found side by side in every age—the spirit, the conscience, and the heart. Enoch represents the spirit—the craving for Divine communion. Moses represents the conscience—the eternal law of human duty. Elijah represents the

heart—the power that acts from the impulse of the moment. These three phases of mind cannot be localised; they are historically immortal. We cannot say that spirituality belongs to one century, conscience to another, impulse to a third. We cannot even say that within the memory of civilised man these three have developed. Spinoza is not in advance of Plato; Paul is not morally the superior of Moses; Luther is not more intense than Simon Peter. In all ages of civilised time man has exhibited equally these three phases—the spiritual, the moral, and the intuitive. They have been, within this limit, not only deathless, but seemingly changeless. The Gallery has proclaimed their immortality. It has incarnated each in the person of a separate life, and then it has shown us that life standing apart from the elements of decay. Enoch has no tomb; Moses has no shroud; Elijah has no setting to the chariot of his sun.

There is nothing which localises a man like the record of his death. When you announce the date of a man's death, you fix the limit of

his personal development in the present world. When you announce the date of his marriage, or the date of his first publication, you give no clue to his ultimate mental standpoint. But the inscription on the tombstone is the latest possible record concerning the man; it stamps indelibly his century upon him; it marks the final stretch of his environment. Here lies the *significance* of this record of the Gallery! When it shows us Enoch translated, when it conceals the body of Moses, when it reveals Elijah ascending in his chariot of fire, it virtually says: 'Do not regard these men as belonging to a particular century. Look at them as symbolising those three phases of the human mind which are the same in all centuries. View them as embodiments of the fact that there are three permanent elements in humanity—the devotional, the moral, and the instinctive. Consider them as revealers of the truth that, whatever *else* may faint or grow weary, these three will never die—the breathings of the spirit, the commands of the conscience, and the impulses of the heart.'

I have attributed to Elijah the third of these positions. I regard him as distinctively the man of impulse, the man who is prompted by instinctive dictates. His life is one of sudden movements, of surprises. He is more like a lance than a sword. He does not fence; he darts. He breaks forth suddenly from the silence, and as suddenly vanishes. Everything about him is abrupt; his beginning and his ending are abrupt. He comes without introduction, and he goes without warning. He appears before us like Melchizedek—without father or mother or descent. We see no childhood. We discover no home. We recognise no domestic interest. He comes before us as the Christ of St. Mark comes before us—full-grown, developed, equipped for his mission. He stands forth all at once in the political arena. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we are confronted by a spectral form denouncing idolatry, predicting vengeance. Not in the valley does he first appear. We see no trace of one who needs to *climb*. When we earliest meet him, it is at the top of the

hill. He hurls his rebuke right at the throne. Reformers as a rule begin with the masses and creep up gradually to the classes. Elijah begins at the social summit. He stands in the court of Ahab, in the court of Jezebel; our first vision of him is in the presence of kings. He bursts upon us in full meridian. There is no gradation between the depth of silence and the blare of trumpets—yesterday he was voiceless; to-day he is thunder. It is written of John the Baptist, 'He was in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel.' That could be written of Elijah. His development is quite hid from us. There is no boundary line between his desert and his glory. We do not see him rise; we behold him risen. A few minutes ago there was darkness all round; suddenly we are in the presence of a great fire whose kindling has been invisible to us, and whose origin we do not know.

It is my opinion that the history of Elijah, as recorded in the Great Gallery, is the history of all impulsive minds. The course of all such minds is a process not of increasing, but of

subsiding flame. I do not mean that they ever diminish the actual amount of their heat; but they diminish the amount of their heat in any one direction. All impulse is at first onesided. It sees only a single way—the drastic way. It looks at the barren fig-tree and says, ‘Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground!’ In after times it loses its haste—not from declining zeal, but from increasing vision. It sees that there are other ways of dealing with the fig-tree—that zeal may be intense without being drastic. This, if I mistake not, is the course of Elijah—a gradual subsiding from the roar into the whisper. It is a voice growing softer, becoming ever more calm—not because the heat has lost its passion, not because the soul has drooped its wing, but because the eye has seen more clearly the hope of ultimate success.

Let us examine this process in the life of Elijah—this gradual subsiding of noise. He begins most vociferously. Like the Baptist, he comes out of his desert and shouts, ‘Repent!’ His *motive*, however, is different from that of

the Baptist. The Baptist denounced loose living; Elijah denounces idolatry. The Old Testament Prophet is more allied to the John who stood before Queen Mary than to the John who stood before King Herod. To John Knox, indeed, he presents a strong parallel. Elijah, like Knox, is the child of a Protestant reaction. He appears as the champion of a faith which he believes to be the primitive faith—the worship of an invisible God. Men had sought to worship God in a material form, to see Him enshrined in some object of human sense. Elijah calls them to come back—back to the forest primeval, back to those grounds of Eden where God was distinct from the trees of the garden. Elijah is the uncompromising Protestant of his time, an opponent of the image in the sanctuary. But his weapons as yet are purely physical. He brings no arguments; he exhibits no reasons. The message he delivers is a menace, ‘Abandon your ideals, or die!’ He recognises but one force—outward compulsion. ‘You have bowed down to idols; you will have drought and

famine!’—that is the burden of his message. There is no appeal to philosophy ; there is no invitation to a controversy ; there is no attempt to exhibit the inherent nature of the sin. There is simply a call to arms—a command to extirpate those who revered the forms of Nature.

Elijah, then, displays at the outset the full amount of his fire—his fire concentrated on a single point. The problem is, how to get that fire distributed. We do not wish to see it extinguished ; we do not even wish to see it reduced ; we want to see it diffused—spread in different directions—made less onesided. The effect of all onesided emotion is a collapse of the man who feels it. It is so with Elijah. Where do we next meet with him ? In a desert place by the side of the brook Cherith. What has brought him there ? The fear of King Ahab, says the Bible student. I do not believe it. Has he not just been in the presence of Ahab, bearding him to the face, denouncing his idolatry, proclaiming his retribution ! If Elijah had been a timid man, then was the time for fear. Could you imagine a

man who braved Ahab to his face running off in terror when Ahab had turned his back! No—not in terror. But I could imagine him doing so in physical prostration. In fact, no other explanation can be given. Why should this brave, bold man, who had met the hour of danger with unblanched cheek, be found, when the crisis was past, lurking in a desolate spot by the brook Cherith! It can only be accounted for by nerve-exhaustion—by the process of reaction from strong emotion. Elijah at the brook Cherith is an illustration of that principle which has ruled in all minds of onesided impulse. If he had been divided between anger and sorrow and pity, he would have experienced no mental reaction; the alternations of feeling would have saved him from collapse. But he abandoned himself to a single impulse, and the inevitable result was the prostration at the waters of Cherith.

And now I have to observe that this reaction was the finest training which the man could possibly have received. It gave him his first lesson in something he had much

need to learn—the superiority of mental force to material force. He had been conquering Ahab by physical strength; but immediately afterwards he is himself conquered by a silently-working influence—a power impalpable to sense, independent of weapons. He has been prostrated by a process working quicker than famine, quicker than drought, quicker than pestilence—prostrated by the very sweep of his own mental energy. Was not this a message to his soul that he had mistaken the comparative strength of the natural forces! Did it not say to him that he had chosen the least powerful agency when he selected drought and famine as the ministers of God! Did it not tell him that he should have appealed to the *mind* of Ahab—that he should have tried to exhibit rather the inner than the outer majesty of God! Elijah was to be taught that the best cure for idolatry was not the exhibition of the Divine hand, but the exhibition of the Divine heart, that God was better than the idol, not because He could break the idol, but because

He could give what the idol could not—help in the day of trouble.

Elijah, then, must be taught that the highest glory of true religion, and what distinguishes it from false religion, is its power to minister. And this, by the brook Cherith, is God's lesson to his soul. The ravens unconsciously bring him food. Unable in the famine to find grain, they bear to the spot the bodies of animals which they have slain, and deposit them there for their future use. Elijah inherits the fruit of their labours. He appropriates the spoil they have gathered; but he regards them as his unconscious almoners. Yet, by his countrymen the raven had always been deemed an unholy thing. It was ill-omened. The lamb, the dove, and the goat were objects of Divine association; the raven was not—men did not present it in sacrifice. But here *God* presents it in sacrifice—tells Elijah to receive it as His minister. And then there comes a strange call to Elijah which perhaps I may be allowed to paraphrase: 'Elijah, there are better modes of teaching My service than breaking and

bruising. You have been ministered unto by creatures which you deem unholy; will not *you* minister unto such! If I can make sacrilegious things My instruments, shall *you* be afraid to *touch* them! Will you not best conquer them by showing them the beauty of holiness! Come, and I will tell you how to show the beauty of holiness to one of those whom you call sacrilegious. There is a widow in great want in the country of Tyre and Sidon. She is beyond the boundaries of your land. She belongs to a heathen population. She worships Me not after the pattern of your fathers. But she has a body of like passions with you. She has felt the hunger which you have felt—the hunger which the ravens have fed. Go, and minister to her as the ravens have ministered to you! You will reveal to her the power of your God more clearly by that deed than by all the storms of denunciation and all the instruments of destruction.'

Do we not see that the aim of this call is to broaden Elijah—to lead him to the belief that the absence of true religion is not so

much something to be punished with famine as something which proves famine to be already there. He is to be made to feel that the man or woman so afflicted is primarily an object, not of anger, but of pity. He is to be led to realise that the subjects of this malady are experiencing a sense of want, and therefore are objects of charity rather than marks for vengeance. That is the reason why every stage of Elijah's course is a humbling stage. He is constantly met by some privation; every morning of hope is followed by a night of despair. Why so, we are inclined to ask; why should God obstruct the missionary work of His servant? Simply because the obstruction of the work is, in his case, the advancement of the *man*. What he needs to know, above all things, is the sense of want—the sympathy with human weakness. He has been born with too much independence in his heart. His native instinct is towards self-reliance. What he deems easy he thinks everybody should deem easy. The lesson he needs from life is an experience of individual

feebleness. Elijah is the natural opposite of David. David had conflicting currents in him, and therefore he felt weak ; Elijah had originally only one current, and therefore he felt strong. The aim of the Almighty is to send new currents through him, and so to make him feel more conflict. He is not humanitarian enough, because he is not near enough to the ground. He does not make allowance for human frailty, because he is too confident of *himself*. He must be taught self-distrust, that he may learn the needs of Man. The greatest convert made by Elijah's mission was to be—Elijah.

Not all at once did this conversion come; it was gradual. When next the curtain rises, he is already in some measure liberalised. He consents to meet the idolaters at an Œcumenical Council on Mount Carmel. That was a large concession from a man of his uncompromising spirit. This was not the method in which he had first met Ahab. *Then* he had allowed *no* discussion; he had simply said, 'Accept the doctrine or receive

the scourge!' Now it is otherwise. He proposes a test of truth—a mental test—the comparative power of prayer. Let us try, he says, which of our prayers will impart most fire to life! That was a fair field of battle; what can be a better test of religion than its power to impart vital fire! It was a field on which Elijah was sure to win. No unspiritual worship is ever kindling; love alone can illuminate the common way. Elijah triumphed in the argument; he showed what on his side had been wrought by prayer. It would have been well had he rested with that victory. But the militant instinct was not dead within him. The meeting closed in bloodshed. What happened I do not exactly know; the Picture in the Gallery leaves something to the imagination. I suppose that Elijah, heated by his new kind of triumph, harangued the crowd and rhetorically called upon his countrymen to root out from among them these corrupters of the national faith. I suppose that the crowd, mistaking rhetoric for prose, and interpreting the exhortation to extirpate a *principle*

as the command to slay its adherents, rushed frantically and tumultuously on the prophets of Baal and gave them the crown of martyrdom. That Elijah designed the deed, I do not believe; that he regretted it, I firmly hold. Yet it was the fruit of his onesided passion, and it brought a dark night to close a bright day.

The martyrdom he had given to Baal was *indeed* a crown; violence always helps the cause on which it tramples. The clamours of the land rose against Elijah. To a man conscious of the justice of his deed this would have been little; but Elijah's inner man rose against *himself*. The prophet of God fled. From whom did he flee? Was it from Ahab? Was it from Jezebel? Was it from the friends of the martyred men of Baal? No; it was from his own inner man. Elijah saw his other self—the self that was bound for heaven. It was as yet only a child; but it made him tremble. It shook his nerves; it paralysed his self-confidence. He ran to escape the child, but the child ran with him; the child was his angel sent from God. He ran to Beersheba;

he found the child at Beersheba. He fled into the Arabian desert; he met the child there. He lay down to die, under a juniper tree; the child sustained him. He came to Horeb and hid himself in a mountain cave; the child suddenly became full-grown, and Elijah recognised his true self.

For now there bursts upon his view a wondrous vision—the vision of his own life; and, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he finds that he has been on the wrong way. He hears a roaring wind; he says, ‘Is it Thou, Lord?’—there is no answer. He feels a trembling of the earth; he says, ‘Is it Thou, Lord?’—there is no answer. He sees a ball of fire shot into the air; he says, ‘Is it Thou, Lord?’—there is no answer. He catches the sound of a still, small voice, so low that he can hardly detect it; he says, ‘Is it Thou, Lord?’—and the answer comes, ‘It is I.’

Could anything more completely reveal the plan of the Gallery in delineating the figure of Elijah! The design is popularly thought to be the exhibition of a physical heroism. It is

the reverse. It is the exhibition of a process by which a great soul was made meet for heaven by altering its ideal of heroism from the physical to the mental. The plan of the Picture is to reveal a work of transition—a work in which the original mountain became a valley and the original valley became a mountain. In the cave of Horeb the transition was complete. The old Elijah was buried there, and the new Elijah emerged full-grown. The child had conquered the man and left his body in the cave; the still, small voice had triumphed over the wind, the earthquake, and the fire. Henceforth I see a change in Elijah. His alternations of hope and despair have vanished, and in their room there has come an equable calm. He is more trustful in adversity; he is more merciful in prosperity. His later denunciations are rather against inhumanity to Man than against errors in creed or ritual. He avenges, and rightly avenges, the wrongs of Naboth; but, for the first time in the record of his life, his vengeance is mixed with leniency—a leniency all the more remark-

able because it was exercised towards his consistent and inveterate enemy, Ahab. No man can resist the conclusion that the Elijah who emerges from the cave of Horeb is an altered being. He is no longer a flaming sword; he is a human voice—wakened by human sympathies, tuned by human feelings. He has been made more fit to meet Moses on the Mount; the power of action has been joined to the power of waiting.

The working of this change was doubtless mainly from within. But it was not wholly so. That voice in the cave of Horeb said many things; but it said one thing which, to my mind, was specially helpful to the future development of Elijah—it directed him where to find a human friend. If there was one thing Elijah needed to mellow him, it was that! He seems never to have felt the influence of home ties. We read of no brother or sister; we hear of no wife or child. His life throughout had been one of war, of public commotion, of political and religious strife. Superiors he had, inferiors he had; but, so far

as I know, he had hitherto possessed no equals. There had been no comrade of his heart, no companion of his soul, none to take his hand and say, 'We are brothers.' A man in such a position is in want of one-half of life's music. Was it not well to send him the friend Elisha! When the voice sent him to Elisha, it sent him to a new school—a school in which he would meet a kindred mind and experience at the last those ties of human sympathy to which the days of his actual childhood had been strangers. There, in the companionship of Elisha, we will for the present leave him—ripening for a higher destiny and preparing for enrolment in a loftier band than the prophets of ancient Israel.

I THANK Thee, O Lord, that to Elijah and to me Thou hast revealed a new and better way. I thank Thee that the still, small voice has taken the place of the wind, the earthquake, and the fire. I used to think that *law* would redeem Thy world. I thought that stern

penalties would repress the course of crime. I thought the thunders of Sinai would make the sinner pure. I thought the vision of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone would put out the love of evil. Thou hast taught me better, O my Father! Thou hast taught me that the love of evil can only be extinguished by *another* love. My heart cannot be conquered by the hand. If it is centred on the Prince of Evil, it will not be cured by the *imprisonment* of that prince; I should love him in his prison, I should love him in his bonds. If I am to cease loving him, I must have a *new* prince—the Prince of Peace. Send me this new Prince, O my Father; nothing but Christ will put out Barabbas from my heart! I love wrongly, but none the less do I love intensely; nothing but *another* love will set me free. Famine will not; Carmel will not; wind and earthquake and fire will not; the burning lake itself would not extinguish my love! Therefore, my Father, let me love again, let me love anew! Send into my heart a fresh ideal! Send me a sight of the

'altogether lovely'! Send me a vision of the
'chief among ten thousand'! Send me a
picture of Him who is 'fairer than the children
of men'! Break the old ideal by the vision of
a higher beauty! Let my night fade in Thy
morning, my thorn vanish in Thy flower! One
leaf of Thy summer's bloom will disenchant
me of the winter's charm. The idols will be
'broken in the temple of Baal' when I see Thy
King 'on the holy hill of Zion.'

CHAPTER XVI

ELISHA THE IMITATIVE

AS I pause before the figure of Elisha, perhaps the thought suggested to a bystander will be, Why do you make *this* a representative man! Is not the most distinctive feature about him just his want of originality! Is he not almost a direct copy of the form and face of Elijah—so direct that, if there were no name inscribed below the Picture, we should deem it simply a second likeness by an inferior hand! If so, why *linger* over the second delineation! We have seen the fire in the eye of the master; why pause to describe in the disciple the same eye *without* the fire! Should we not be better employed if we passed to fresh woods and pastures new!

Let me admit at once that the parallel *is*

striking—far too striking to be the result of accident or unconscious workmanship. Elijah and Elisha are twin figures—what the one does, the other does. Their lives are set to the same music ; the latter is the refrain of the former sung by a weaker voice and tuned to a slower measure. Does Elijah smite the waters of Jordan ; Elisha does so too. Does Elijah ascend Mount Carmel ; Elisha does so too. Do the words of Elijah cause a bloody tragedy ; the words of Elisha do so too. Is Elijah appealed to in times of drought ; Elisha is so too. Does Elijah multiply a widow's store ; Elisha does so too. Does Elijah raise a widow's son ; Elisha raises one too. Does Elijah carry his beneficence beyond the confines of Judaism ; Elisha does so too—if the one ministers to a woman of Zarephath, the other cures the captain of a Syrian band. Finally, does Elijah in his last earthly moments hear the triumphant cry, ' The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof ; ' Elisha in *his* last earthly moments listens to the same sound, and experiences at the hour of death what

his master had experienced at the hour of ascension.

If, then, I admit this remarkable parallel, if I regard Elisha as a designed imitation of Elijah, why do I not pass him by as a repetition of old material? It is because this imitation of character is itself in the Old Testament Gallery a new and unique thing. I do not know whether it has occurred to any one that the relation of Elisha to Elijah supplies a *desideratum* in the Gallery. Amongst the figures of this collection I look in vain for any evidence of that community of mind which in the New Testament is called fellowship. Up to this point we have not found in these studies two men who have been united by similarity of spirit. The one has rather been the *complement* of the other, has supplied what was lacking in the other. Isaac has little likeness to Abraham; Joseph moves in a different sphere from Jacob; Solomon has few points in common with David. Joshua may be called the disciple of Moses, but only in a figurative sense. He is more a servant than a son; he

carries out his orders, but he does not stand with him on the Mount. The truth is, kindred sympathy is a very rare thing to get. Personal *liking*—the feeling that subsisted between David and Jonathan—is very easily acquired; but the congruity of thought, the identity of experience, which made the bond between Elisha and Elijah—that is something which is never acquired at all; the germ of it must be born in each soul. To exhibit this double portion of one experience is a work which may well absorb the interest of the religious artist.

This, then, is a case of intellectual friendship which is unique in the Old Testament Gallery. I have said that in germ Elisha must have had from birth the spirit of Elijah. But the question occurs, To which of the Elijahs was he allied? We have seen that there were two—that one died in the cave of Horeb, and that the other came out of the cave full-grown. Elisha never saw the first; his personal contact was with the second. The second Elijah, the Elijah who emerged from the cave, was of a gentler nature than the first; he had aban-

doned for the still, small voice the wind, the earthquake, and the fire. Elisha was by nature allied to this *later* Elijah. God had given him a tender heart, a heart of love. When first we meet with him, it is in the circle of family life; and we have evidence that his ties of home were dear. Elijah finds him at the plough and calls him to quit the world for the prophetic sanctuary. He asks to be allowed to bid his father and mother goodbye. And that goodbye is a fine revelation of character. He makes a feast to his old friends. He wants them to understand that he has not parted with them in anger, has not left the world because the grapes are sour or the vintage bad. When a man is going abroad, we often give him a parting dinner to wish him well. But if a man going abroad gives *us* a parting dinner, the act has a still deeper significance. It says that, however prosperous he may be in the new country, he wishes it to be understood that the old land will still be dear to his heart. He says, in effect, I do not leave you through disgust; I do not quit you

through disapproval ; I do not say that it is bad for you to remain ; I part from your world not in a blast of anger, but in a flood of joyous memories which, even while it bears me away, repeats the echoes from my native shore.

Elisha, then, even in the hour of his election, is no ascetic. He brings to Elijah a human heart. It was the latest and the best gift Elijah had ever received—a pure earthly friendship. Elisha gave him his heart, his whole heart, his unrestrained heart. I cannot too strongly emphasise this point ; it is something unique in the Old Gallery. Men had hitherto come to God through a *crucifixion* of their human nature. They had approached Mount Sinai with fear and trembling ; they had drawn near the burning bush with uncovered feet. But Elisha comes unshorn of his humanity. He comes to the Divine Presence in the dress of a man, with the heart of a man. He is drawn to the heavenly Father by the love of an earthly *brother*. He is not ashamed, from the very outset, to lean upon a human arm. This utilising of earthly help remains

his characteristic through life ; it colours every sphere through which he moves. I will take four of these spheres—the moral, the intellectual, the æsthetic, and the practical. We shall find, I think, in each, abundant material for reflection and abundant sources of suggestion.

The first illustration of Elisha's tendency to use secular help is in his moral choice. His master, Elijah, has a premonition of his own early removal. He asks the disciple what mark of his favour he would like best to receive as a parting gift. Elisha answers, 'Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me!' By 'a double portion' I understand 'a repeated portion—a repetition of your own experience.' It is the request for a token of human love. He does not wish the grace of God to be for him a supernatural thing. He wants to be like some one whom he loves, and whom he loves on account of his goodness. Is not Christianity the selfsame prayer on a higher plane. Is it not simply the wish that in our hearts the grace of God would assume the likeness of one whom we love—the Man Christ Jesus. Like

Elisha, we cannot worship an abstract grace. We must see it embodied if we are to love it. Our desire to be clothed in it must be the desire to be clothed in the likeness of one who was dear to us. St. John was animated by a *human* love of Jesus; therefore he does not say, 'When He shall appear we shall be good,' but, 'When He shall appear we shall be like Him.'

That Elisha's aspiration was the request for a token of love is confirmed by Elijah's answer, 'Thou hast asked a great thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it will be so unto thee; if not, it shall not be so.' He says that whether his disciple's desire be or be not granted is a question that can only be tested by Elisha's future remembrance. Separated from the figurative envelope which contains them, his words amount to this: 'The test of a kindred spirit is sight in absence. Can you sustain that test? Can you see me when I am taken up? Can you feel the power of my presence when that presence is no longer with you?

Can you be impelled by my influence when I have withdrawn my hand? Can I be a motive to your life when I have ceased to be in touch with it? If so, then you have indeed received into your soul a duplicate of my image! You have proved your possession of a kindred nature; you have maintained your right to wear my mantle!’

Remember that the test proposed by Elijah is also the test proposed by a greater than Elijah. What else does Christ mean by the parable of a man going into a far country and bidding his servants work till his return. It is to ascertain whether they are fit for the mantle, whether they have received his spirit. The test of that will be their power to think of his presence in his absence, to feel as if he were near when he is far away. The evidence of the disciple’s communion with Christ is identical with Elisha’s evidence for his communion with Elijah; it is the ‘seeing him who is invisible,’ the bending to an influence which is not manifested either to the eye or to the ear or to the hand. Elisha saw Elijah after he

was taken up, the disciples worshipped Jesus after the cloud had received Him out of their sight ; in both cases it was an evidence that the mantle had descended.

Elisha, then, was helped to the grace of God by a human love ; and that human love abode with him long after its object had been hid from his outward sight. It is the first instance of the kind we have met with in the Great Gallery ; but it has been the forerunner of many similar experiences. There are hundreds whose belief in God sprang at first from belief in Man. There are hundreds who have given their allegiance to the Divine by fixing their eye upon some beauty in the human. There are hundreds who, like Elisha, have served the God whom they have *not* seen simply because they have loved the brother whom they *have* seen. This old Painting is not superannuated, not dead. It is living breathing, vitalising. It is mirrored in myriad lives ; it is reproduced in countless experiences ; it is a picture which is not Jewish nor Greek nor Roman, but human. It expresses, not the

bias of a nation, but an instinct of the heart ; and therefore its colours are not dimmed by time—they are as fresh and vivid to-day as they were in the streets of ancient Israel.

The second illustration of Elisha's secular attitude will be found in the intellectual sphere. He has been left alone ; the master whom he loved has passed into the silent land. Elisha has no doubt that he has been translated into heaven ; he is as sure of that as he is of his own existence. But Elisha is a professor in a college. He has the Chair of Apologetics—the direction of what was then called 'The School of the Prophets.' He has a host of young men who listen to his instructions, and for whose training he is responsible. These young men are tinged with the spirit of a new age—an age of rationalism. They are very unwilling to admit a miracle. They are eager to reduce everything to natural causes. They propose to subject the belief in Elijah's ascension to scientific experts. They suggest that his chariot may have been one of the wild blasts of the desert. Instead

of being taken to heaven, he may have been carried to the summit of some hill, where he may be lying bruised and broken. Will not Elisha allow a search to be made. Instead of cherishing a mystical exaltation, will he not let fifty strong men go forth in search of the vanished prophet. If they should find him, it would be the death of sentiment, but it might produce a result which would prove more valuable than any sentiment—the preservation of a physical life.

At first Elisha said, No; but afterwards he said, Yes. That saying 'Yes' is to my mind one of the finest things in old literature. Why does he say 'Yes'? Is it because he has any doubt of the truth of his first impression? He has no doubt. But he has cast himself down from his own pinnacle; he has put himself in the place of his students; he has tried to live in the experience of those who have less strong faith than himself. He feels that he has Elijah for his model. Did not Elijah hold a council for research on Mount Carmel—Elijah who needed no investi-

gation, no argument. Should the disciple be above his master. Might not he, Elisha, do what was virtually done by the prophet of fire. If his master could sink himself to help idolaters, might not *he* sink himself for the sake of his own students. Should he not go down to *them* who were as yet unable to come up to *him*.

Now, I say this was grand in Elisha. If all his prophetic powers should come to be ignored, he ought to live by this deed alone. It was the best lesson he ever gave to his students—this accommodation to their intellectual need. It is a lesson for professors as well as students. I would say to a teacher: Never force your certainty upon your pupil. Borrowed convictions are of no value. Command not assent to former testimonies—not even to the authority of your own vision. Let the pupil search for Elijah. Let him seek him on every hill; let him inquire for his steps in every valley. Lend him all facilities for the search. Open every avenue; unlock every gate; clear every barrier that would

impede his way. At the end of many days he may reach by climbing the height which you have gained by a moment on the wing.

The third of those spheres in which Elisha leans upon material help in the things of Divine grace is the æsthetic region—the attempt to exhibit the beauties of holiness. Elisha has gone to meet three kings. It is a period of political emergency, and they have summoned him into their presence to ask his counsel. Elisha is impressed with the august character of his audience. He wishes to speak well. He is not only desirous to do his duty in the sight of God, but to magnify his office in the sight of Man. He has the feeling which belongs to every popular preacher—the wish to produce an æsthetic effect upon his hearers; and it is a feeling which is quite compatible with the most earnest religious devotion. Accordingly, he wishes to rise to the occasion. In order to do so, he would like the aid of a stimulus. The stimulus he selects is music. ‘Bring me a minstrel!’ he says. He feels that he would speak better if

he has a pleasant environment; he evokes the aid of nature to help him in the sphere of grace.

Now, this is a very startling thing. We all admit the power of natural beauty in the region of natural work. That a poet is helped by a sunbeam, that a literary style is influenced by fair surroundings, that imagination is stimulated by a starry night or quickened by a mountain view—all this is universally accepted. But in the sphere of grace we are apt to think such helps superfluous. We are apt to believe that the Spirit of God is a solitary agent acting by its own strength and conquering by its own power. We think of the beauties of holiness as *themselves* sufficient to inspire. Shall the heavenly manna seek an ally in the earthly music! Shall the hand of God work in unison with the harp of man! Shall the soul be aided to its vision of Divine glory by listening to the strains of a purely human melody, and thrilling to the notes of an instrument with mundane strings!

Elisha says, Yes; he calls for a minstrel before prophesying. The minstrel was probably a man vastly inferior to himself, and was perhaps not a religious man at all; yet Elisha was not ashamed to use him for the service of God. Was he here again influenced by the memory of Elijah, by the tendency to imitate his master? Did he remember how that master was fed by ravens? Did he remember how the mightiest was supported by the ministration of the meanest? Did he remember how the mere secular forces of life had been made to serve the kingdom of God? I think it likely. Elisha must have felt that if the tempestuous soul of his master could be content to be fed by earthly streams, the quiet river of his own life might well be thus satisfied too. At all events, he *was* content. He was satisfied to sun himself in a worldly beauty, to cheer himself into the work for God by a study of the work of man. In his moment of spiritual exhaustion he sought a secular stimulus. At a time when he had nothing to draw with, he let a Samaritan

bring the pitcher. In the hour when his alabaster box was broken, he allowed his costliest treasures to be carried in earthen vessels.

And the Christian Church has followed the example of Elisha. The voice of that Church has ever increasingly been, 'Bring me a minstrel!' She began *without* the minstrel—in the humble precincts of an upper room. But she found that she needed stimulus. She was marching as an army to battle, and, like an army marching to battle, she required a blast of music. Christianity has ascended the hill to the tune of trumpets on the plain; the feet of the Christian soldier have moved in unison with the measure of an *earthly* melody. The religion of the Cross has proceeded up the Dolorous Way crowned with the flowers of the world's field. It has availed itself of every secular aid. It has beautified the places of its worship. It has imparted human graces to its heavenly services. It has cultivated by natural art the voices of its choristers. It has sent its prophets to drink at the wells of

worldly wisdom. It has given a literary form to its liturgies. It has incorporated with its psalmody the sentiments of men *not* called inspired. When we see the Christian Church ascending, we cry with Elisha, 'The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!' but we feel that the chariots and the horsemen belong to different worlds—that the horsemen are of heaven, the chariots of earth.

I come now to the fourth of these spheres in which Elisha allies himself to the secular; it is the practical sphere—the sphere of the physician. The incident to which I allude is the healing of Naaman the Syrian. He is a leper, and he repairs to Elisha in the hope of a cure. Elisha tells him to bathe seven times in the waters of Jordan. Naaman is incensed; he thinks the prophet has insulted him. Why so? Myriads of sermons have been written on the subject; and the prevailing note of all has been that Naaman was offended by the simplicity of the proposed remedy. Do you think that likely! If I go to a doctor, expecting to be prescribed a drastic operation, and

if I am told instead simply to bathe in cold water, am I not likely rather to congratulate myself than to feel angry! Naaman himself says in the narrative that he would have been content with something much *more* simple—a mere touch of the prophet's hand. The sting lay in the fact that the prophet himself took no *part* in the cure. He handed Naaman over to the powers of Nature—to the waters of Jordan. Naaman wanted to be the subject of a supernatural influence—to be directly favoured by the emissary of the God of Israel. That emissary, instead of calling in mysterious helps, instead of engaging in prayer or indulging in incantations, sent him to a bathing establishment and told him to continue his attendance there until the cleansing process was complete. Naaman very naturally felt that he might have found such institutions nearer home. The entire ground of his anger lay in the knowledge that Elisha was not eager to be thought the *agent* in the cure, that, instead of being proud to have so august a patient, he had calmly handed him

over to the care of one of his assistant physicians—to the medical skill of the waters of Jordan.

What to Naaman was a source of anger is to us a source of satisfaction; we are glad that Elisha, when he sought the help of God, sought it through the channels of Nature—that he claimed the secular forces as workers of the Divine will. But I think that here, as elsewhere, Elisha was influenced by that personal memory which had been his constant guide. *Why* does he send Naaman to the waters of Jordan? Was it not because these waters embodied the latest memory of him whom he loved—that memory which had imparted to Elisha himself a healing touch in every hour of weariness, and had inspired him with fresh strength amid the burden and heat of the day. It was on the banks of Jordan that he had gazed on Elijah almost for the last time; it was on the banks of Jordan that he had seen his very last act of power. It was love's latest image in his soul. In sending Naaman to Jordan, he felt that he was sending him to

Elijah. He was putting him in hands that were mightier than his own. He was evoking the spirit of his departed friend to help his healing work, nay, to be the sole agent in that work. He says, in effect, 'I commit this man into thy hands; thou who hast smitten the waters of Jordan, smite, *upon* these waters, the leprosy of Naaman!' From first to last the spirit of Elijah had remained his guiding star. It had spoken to him from the silent land. He had dedicated everything to its memory, to its example. To that memory he dedicated the waters of Jordan too. They were, to him, sparkling with the sunset of yesterday, and he sent the leper Naaman to be partaker of their beams.

I THANK Thee, O Father, that in the Pictures of the Great Gallery there is a memorial to human friendship—to the love of two human souls. I thank Thee that Thou hast suffered Elisha to be swayed by the memory of a departed friend; it is Thine own

imprimatur on the sacredness of earthly love. I thank Thee that Thou hast allowed my heart to wear the mantle of the *departed*. Thou hast not forced me to think of the chariots and horsemen that have borne him away. Thou hast permitted me to picture my Elijah in the old scenes. Thou hast allowed me to figure him on the heights of Carmel and on the banks of Jordan. Thou hast suffered me to hear his footsteps on my earthly way—to be guided by his example, to be inspired by his remembrance. Why hast Thou not bid me *forget*? Why hast Thou not told Elisha to think of his own way and let his friend rest behind the veil? Why hast Thou counselled him to look up and see if any mantle from his vanished friend is falling? Is it not to tell him, to tell me, that love is eternal! Is it not to tell me that the chariot of fire cannot part human friendships! Is it not to tell me that the fire of death cannot burn up the mantle of earthly influence! Often in the vision of departing chariots I am complaining of the *waste* of life. I see men taken up before

their work is done, and I weep for their unfinishedness. Teach me by this scene in the Great Gallery that Elijah can finish his work from *beyond* the grave! Teach me that the box of ointment is *not* wasted when it is broken! Teach me that the fragrance can fill the house when the fragments are on the floor! Teach me that a departed life may hold in my heart an empire which no *present* life can claim! So shall I learn the immortality of love!

CHAPTER XVII¹

JOB THE PATIENT

THE Portrait of Job has been attributed to every date between the extremes of a thousand years—from the call of Abraham to the calling back of Judah's bondage. My own opinion is that it dates from the Persian period, I think that an artist of that day delineated the facts of a real historic tradition; but I believe that he used them to express an allegory. Job is to me not merely an individual; he is that and something more. He is the personification of the Jewish race in captivity. Through the personality of Job the artist aims to show that the afflictions of his people ought not to be attributed to any special sin, and

¹ This chapter is an abstract of my Murtle Lecture delivered in the Mitchell Hall, Aberdeen University, on December 15, 1901.

that the exile they have been doomed to bear may itself have been a part of their mission from the Highest. The fact that when the Portrait was being painted the national clouds were already beginning to be parted by streaks of sunshine, may have lent inspiration to the thought. I turn, however, from the critical to the human. I will view this not as the portrait of a nation, but as the portrait of a man, and I will only consider in it those qualities which belong to the individual heart; Judah has passed away, but Job abides.

There have been four typical notes of despair in the region of literature. The first and most intense is the voice of Omar Khayyám. It is despair absolute, despair of life all round, despair whose only relief is to drown itself in wine. The second is the Book of Ecclesiastes. I would call it despair of *results*. It does not deny that it is a pleasant thing to see the light of the sun; it does not dispute that there is a time to dance as well as a time to weep; but it asks, What is the good of it; does it not all end in vanity! The third is

the cry of Pascal. It is despair of everything finite—finite reason, finite love, finite pleasure; the only possible joy is joy in God. The fourth is that dramatic portraiture which we call the Book of Job. I would describe it as the despair of old theories. It is the *least* despondent of the group. It does not say that the world is bad; it does not say that life is vanity; it does not even say that finite things cannot bring joy. What it does say is that all the past theories to explain the evils of the universe have been utterly powerless to account for these evils, that none of them is fit to sustain the weight of human woes, and that all of them put together are inadequate to wipe the tear from a single eye. The Book of Job is not strictly a pessimistic book. It does not despair of the universe—spite of all its sorrows! What it does despair of is the adequacy of any one of man's existing theories, or of all these theories united, to furnish a *solution* of its sorrows. It does not deny that there may be summer somewhere beyond the sea; but it refuses to accept the doctrine that

any of the previous swallows have ever touched the gilded shore.

Now, observe carefully *why* the Book of Job rejects old theories of the origin of pain. It is because it has found a new theory. All the former ones had explained suffering as the result of defect in the *creature*. Here, the bold view is advanced that it had its origin in a need felt by the Creator—the Divine need for love. With startling originality, and for the first time in history, this book declares that the pains of earth were born in heaven, that they originated in the counsels beyond the veil. Let us stand before this Picture in the Great Gallery; it is one of the most striking, not only in all Scripture, but in all literature! It reveals in the foreground a day in heaven. It is a great day—a day of presentations. All quarters of the universe are represented. Each has sent up a deputy to stand before the throne of God. Looking round the vast assembly, the eye of the Almighty lights upon a strange figure; it is that of Satan. ‘Where do *you* come from,’ says the Almighty; ‘what part of

the universe has made *you* its representative?' Satan answers, 'I represent the earth—the length of it, the breadth of it.' 'Not in its whole extent,' says the Almighty; 'there is a man called Job down in the land of Uz who loves Me fervently.' 'Oh!' cries Satan, 'nobody loves you for *yourself*—not even Job! You have made it worth while to serve you. You have given to those who obey you houses and brethren and lands. You have crowned them with glory and honour; you have promised them long life and prosperity. Take away from Job the dowry he gets for loving you—take away the rich possessions that have rewarded his fidelity, and he will curse you to your face!'

The Almighty accepts this criticism. Satan has put his hand upon a real weakness of the Hebrew race—its association of Divine love with temporal rewards. God tells Satan to go forth and create a set of new conditions—conditions unfavourable to Man's love of the Divine. He bids him put this man Job under a testing probation—a probation in which he

will be denuded of every outward joy and made to experience the fact that a man may serve the Lord and get nothing in return. So Satan goes out from the presence of the Lord, and in the changing of Job's environment he constructs a unique figure in the Old Testament Gallery—a figure which has the stamp of a distinctively new conception. Job is the only man of the Old Gallery whose mission is simply to bear. All the other men of the group are men of action. Enoch had the wreath of immortality; but Enoch's life was a *walk* with God. Elijah had a chariot of fire; but Elijah was the *prophet* of fire. Noah rose above the floods of fortune; but Noah was an active shipbuilder. Abraham was highly blessed; but Abraham was the founder of a kingdom. Moses communed with God on the Mount as a man talks with his friend; but Moses was the maker of practical laws. All these were great by reason of their *working*. But this man Job comes upon the scene to do nothing—simply to bear. To the eye of the beholder it does not appear that the bearing has

any practical purpose. He is not weighted, as Isaac was, with the cares of a household. He is weighted seemingly for the sake of nobody, but just with a view to his own pain. What we see is a process of divestiture—and the reason is known only to the spectator. He comes to be dismantled. One by one the beautiful robes are taken off, until every thread of former majesty is gone, until the king becomes a pauper and the millionaire a beggar for bread. Let us follow the process.

First the outermost robe is removed—worldly wealth takes wings and vanishes away; the labour of the olive fails and the field supplies no meat. Job stands the test; his love for God wavers not. Then an inner robe is removed—the ties of home are broken by death. His had been a happy domestic circle—a circle of family reunions. They met at these reunions once a year in the rotation of each son's birthday. We all know the increasing *sadness* of these gatherings—the sadness of hearing voices that are no longer there. Job had to bear this. Year by year the vacant

chairs increased in prominence, and the touch of vanished hands became more frequent. Still he wavers not; no cry escapes his lips. Then a more inward robe still is taken—health breaks; bodily strength gives way. I call that a more inward privation, because it prevented him from recuperating. When a man's heart goes down, it may rise again if his body keeps *up*; but if his body falls too, the heart will *not* rise. That is what I understand our Lord to mean when He says, 'If the *salt* has lost its savour, wherewith shall *it* be salted!'—if the vital stream itself is low, what can restore joy! Still Job blanches not. No complaint falls from him. His deepest sense is that of acquiescence in the Divine will, 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord!'

Then comes the removal of a fourth garment—human sympathy. Job's friends visit him, and, in accordance with the Jewish view of suffering, they assume that he must be a special sinner. At first by gesture, and then by words, they convey their impression that he has

done something to deserve it. And now for the first time his great heart gives way. You have seen a cloud that has hovered overhead all the afternoon touched at last by a freezing vapour and burst forth in torrents. So is it with Job. He has borne up all through the day—borne poverty, bereavement, sickness; but, when the freezing vapour touches him, the fountains of the great deep are opened and the flood descends. He has endured calamity; but that his calamity should be made a sign of worthlessness is *too* much! The explosion is simply terrific; it sweeps all before it. Yet it is not illogical; there is a *method* in its gusts of passion. Let me try to gather up the threads of argument which the blast carries on its bosom. Let me endeavour to paraphrase the spirit of these remarkable utterances in which Job expresses his indignation at the theory of his friends.

‘Tell me not,’ he cries, ‘that I have deserved it! Do not say that in any special sense I have incurred the displeasure of the Almighty! I know I have sinned after the manner of

Adam's *race*. How shall a man be just before God!—if called to the bar of judgment, could he answer for one, of a thousand, faults! But that is not what *you* mean. *You* want me to believe that I have been a *special* sinner, a sinner above the average. My life *refutes* the charge. Measured by the common standard, my record is pure. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the heart of the widow to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. When the poor heard, then they blessed me; when the eye saw, then it gave witness. I delivered the fatherless and the widow and him that had no helper. Mine integrity I will hold fast and never let it go; my heart will not reproach me as long as I live. But suppose it were otherwise, suppose I *were* the deep-dyed sinner you picture, is this pain the way to convict me! If your God wishes me to feel my sin, why does He send me a physical suffering and physical weakness which make it impossible for me to feel anything at all! Why does He seal up my

transgressions in a bag—where they cannot be *seen*! Why does He sew mine iniquities in sackcloth—where they cannot be felt! Why does He break me with a tempest if He wants me to have a vivid consciousness of anything whatever! Does the sense of sin come from mutilation, from curtailment, from paralysis of the nerves! Does it not come from expansion, from exaltation, from increasing nearness to God! If I am to abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes, it must be, not in the hour of depression, but in the hour of revelation—the hour when I meet with God. I cannot accept your explanation of my great and grievous pain.'

But now, in the light of this outcry, the question arises, Why do we speak of Job's *patience*? He has borne bravely three calamities—the three sent from God; why has he sunk before the one sent by Man? He has accepted penury, bereavement, sickness; why has he cried out at the mere suggestion that these are penalties; and why, in spite of that vociferation, has his name been handed

down as a synonym for patience! He has stood the hurricane and the tempest; but he has been made to cry out by the lashing of a single wave! Does not the fact of being fretted by so weak a foe deprive him of all right to be the representative of those who wait for God?

I answer, No; and I feel sure that the answer will be echoed by the Great Gallery. I am convinced that, in the view of the artist, the patience of Job is never so conspicuous as in his outcry. Not in spite of, but by reason of, that outcry has he earned his right to a place among those who wait for God. Why *did* Job cry out? Was it not in the *interest* of patience. Was it not patience that *made* him cry out. His friends wanted to *rob* him of his patience—to take away his power to *wait without a reason*. Is not that just the definition of intellectual patience—the power to trust when there is no light, the ability to possess one's soul in the absence of all explanation of that which afflicts it. Unless we grasp this thought, the personality of Job

is meaningless—he is simply an impatient child. But if his impatience springs from the fact that his friends wish to rob him of his *patience*, if his outcry is caused by his desire to be *allowed* to wait for God, then, religiously and artistically, the whole Portrait is illuminated and the claim of Job to his traditional virtue receives triumphant vindication.

Now, the friends of Job are really in this position. They want to alter his attitude of *patience*. They say: 'It is not enough for you to believe that it will be all right *some* day. You must be able to trace the *cause* of your calamity. You must be able to put your hand upon some dark deed of your past life, or'—as Elihu puts it—'upon some unspoken principle of evil which has not yet issued in a deed, but which God sees in the silence of your soul.' Put yourself in the place of Job under these circumstances. Imagine that you were passing through a season of bereavement. The light of your eyes has been extinguished, and you are sitting disconsolate in a silent room. Suddenly a solemn bell rings; and, draped in

black, there enter three figures — Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. They take you by the hand and say: ‘My friend, God is dealing with you in chastisement. You have been too fond of the world. You have been living for the hour. You have been giving to earthly things the honour which is due to His name. Therefore He has spoken to you in His anger; He has withered your gourd. Humble yourself, and confess your sin!’ Would you not be disposed to answer: ‘Am I *bound* to take such a view! In a world where so much seems arbitrary, where for a time “the tabernacles of robbers prosper,” where the good are often clothed in sackcloth and the wicked wear the purple robe, am I bound to believe that this is a chastisement to me! Will you not let me keep my *patience*! Will you not let me trust my God without a theory! Will you not let me believe that in some way unknown to me things are working together for good! Why do you deny me the privilege of the men who *wait* for God!’

Even such is the voice of *Job*. He utters a

protest in favour of patience. He appeals from the God of his friends to his own God. He says, in the spirit of a Greater : ' My Father ! behold, Thou comest to me in clouds ! Life has been overcast for me ; the hosannahs are hushed, the palm-leaves are withered, the friends of summer days have made their flight in the winter. Men want me to *trace* Thee, " Prophecy unto us, thou Christ ; who is he that smote thee ? " But I will *not* trace Thee, " The cup which my Father has given me to drink, shall I not drink it ! " I accept in the darkness the burden Thou hast laid upon me ; I take it unexplained. I come to Thee in the night—the unvindicated night. I come in the cold that has no explanation, in the snow that is not accounted for. I accept Thee in Thy mean attire, in Thine unattractive raiment, in Thy repulsive dress. I do not seek to comprehend Thee ; I take Thee with Thy mystery. Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee, and believe that I keep Thy favour.'

But there is a second respect in which the

patience of Job is vindicated by his outcry. Can there be *any* patience without a certain amount of inward outcry! If Job has ceased to 'pray for his friends'—in other words, if he has ceased to care what his friends think of him—where is there room for patience! Is it not just this presence of the inner outcry which distinguishes the patience of Christ from what St. John's Gospel calls 'the peace which the *world* gives'—Stoicism. The Stoic says: 'If you will only keep down your feelings, if you will only practise the restraining of the bird when it is about to fly, you will come in course of time to have *no* emotions; you will be able to walk in the funeral cortége, fearless, tearless, passionless.' Yes, and I would add, 'patienceless.' For, what you have lost in this case is really patience. You have ceased to *wait* for anything; you have given up the game. You see a man undergoing one of those little operations which flesh is heir to. He never winces. 'What admirable nerve!' you say. And yet, in reality, the calmness comes from exactly the opposite cause. The nerve, so far

from being admirable, is dead ; the man has lost the necessity for *patience*.

There is a question which must often have occurred to an inquiring mind. Why is it that we Christians, to whom the patience of Christ is a watchword and the surrender of His will a glory, are yet eager to select that part of His life in which the outcry is most loud and the struggle most apparent? Why do we make our pilgrimage in crowds to the Garden of Gethsemane? Why is to us the dearest spot, the most sacrificial spot, precisely that place where He poured forth His soul with strong crying and tears? We could understand why men who admire patience should repair to the scene of the death of Socrates; but it seems a strange thing that they should always take their journey to a place of human outcry like the Garden of Gethsemane !

But the answer, I think, is clear. We go to Gethsemane in the *interest* of patience. We feel that the outcry is the proof of the sacrifice. Socrates has become deadened in the nerve that gives pain ; therefore he has no outcry.

But the outcry of Jesus proves that He has *not* lost His nerve, not lost His youth, not lost His love of human things. It is easy to be crucified by the world if you have ceased to *love* the world. It is easy to be crucified by your friends if your friends are looked upon by you as simply so many flies to be brushed aside and forgotten. But the glory of Gethsemane is that life is still beautiful to Jesus—that, with all its sins and sorrows, it still keeps to Him its pristine glow—that the colour has *not* gone out of the flower, nor the song of the bird become silent, nor the freshness vanished from the breezes. The world is *yet* worth living in—bright and beautiful with possibilities, fair with promise, radiant with hope. *That* is what makes it so hard to be crucified by the sons of men; that is what gives value to the sacrifice. We measure the patience by the strength of the cry.

Job *also* had the spirit of youth. However dark his sky, he had not lost his sense of life's possibilities. Deep down in his heart there was the conviction that the world in which he

suffered was an unnatural world. He felt that things ought not so to be, and that therefore they would not *always* so be. Clear through the night his voice kept ringing: 'I know that my Vindicator liveth, and that He shall stand at the last upon the earth; and, though the process of destruction penetrate even beneath the skin, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another!' These are the words of hope, not despair. They show that the nerve is *not* dead, that the love of life is not extinguished, that the spirit of youth remains. If patience implies an outcry, it is because it implies an *outlook*. It refrains from tracing the way, but none the less does it believe in the goal. So long as a man keeps his love, he will keep his capacity for pain; but he will also keep his freedom from despair. Where love is, there is no despair. The wind may be raging fierce and cold around us, there may be no star in our night and no present rest in our journey—but if *love* be not quenched, the ground for hope is still abiding.

The gate of egress may be unseen, the avenue of outlook may be undetected, but already beyond the tombstone there will gleam the Garden, and above the blood-stained heights of Calvary there will glitter the sunlit peaks of Olivet.

L ORD, help me to keep my *love*! Whatever else I lose, may I never lose *that*! Though all the lights go out from my life, let not *this* torch be extinguished! There is a peace which comes by the *death* of patience—by ceasing any longer to wait or to expect. There is a peace which is *not* patience, because it *looks* for nothing, longs for nothing, prays for nothing—a peace which is painless because it is numb, and is free from struggle because it is dead. I would not have that gift, O my Father! I have passed through the autumn woods and heard no waving of the leaves, not because there was no wind to blow, but because there was no sap to nourish. I would not have *that* gift, O my Father! That is the

peace of the grave. But Thy peace is the peace of the ocean. It is the calm that holds depths beneath it. It is not the rest of lifelessness, but the rest of balance. Thy patience is the patience not of spentness, but of expectancy; it rests 'in hope.' Bring me that peace of Thine, O God! Bring me the peace of pulsation, the calm of courage, the endurance that springs from energy! Bring me the fortitude of fervour, the repose through inner radiance, the tenacity that is born of trust! Bring me the silence that comes from serenity, the gentleness that is bred of joy, the quiet that has sprung from quickened faith! When I hear *Thee* in the whirlwind, there will be a great calm!

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